

EXERCISES IN LITERARY APPRECIATION

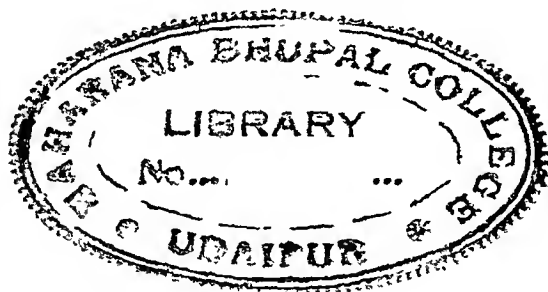
EXERCISES IN LITERARY APPRECIATION

BY

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PREFACE

THE object in compiling this book has been to provide a series of extracts in verse and prose suitable for use with the senior pupils of secondary schools or students at training colleges who are just embarking upon a course of training in literary appreciation or criticism. The author has, accordingly, been guided both in the choice of material and in the formulation of exercises by the special requirements of these types of student. It is, for instance, most discouraging to the beginner to find himself faced with a passage of prose or poetry, followed by the simple instruction, *Write an appreciation of this*; and the result is apt to be disappointing to the teacher. In the present volume the aim has been so to frame the questions that they suggest to the student the specific qualities and characteristics for which he should look, and guide him to a fuller and deeper appreciation of the passage set for study. Thus, as he works through these questions, he will gradually accumulate the material for his critical study, and at the same time should be developing a critical faculty of his own. Nor has it been overlooked that (in spite of what some of our critics would have us believe) appreciation involves understanding. Consequently the first care has been to make sure, so far as possible, that the student *understands* the passage he is asked to appreciate.

Further, in the selection of extracts three considerations have been borne in mind. In the first place an attempt has been made to include passages representative of as many different types of prose and verse as possible; secondly a

certain number of well-known pieces have been deliberately inserted in order that the student may arrive at a more intelligent appreciation of them than he had before, and so realise exactly *why* they have become well known ; for it is the author's experience that even those who have a fairly sound knowledge of the masterpieces of English literature are not always sure why they are masterpieces. And thirdly, for the sake of catholicity and to make the collection as representative as possible, a certain amount of space has been allotted to recent and living authors who are not usually included in such a volume as this.

Though the book has not been compiled solely with examination requirements in view, it will be found that these exercises provide all that is necessary for the "unseen" sections of the Northern Joint Board's Higher School Certificate Examination in English Literature, and for the sake of pupils who may use it in preparation for this, a number of passages have been included from the Board's past examination papers.

It has been assumed that the student will have the help and guidance of a teacher, always more valuable than that of a text book, however well written it may be. Nevertheless he may find a good deal of interest and assistance in the works on literary criticism and appreciation which are listed in the appendix.

In conclusion, thanks are due to the following publishers and authors (or their representatives) for permission to reproduce copyright material : the author's representatives and Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd., for the sonnet "Blow out, you bugles", from *Collected Poems*, by Rupert Brooke ; Messrs. Jonathan Cape, Ltd., for the extract from *Gone to Earth*, by Mary Webb ; Mr. Walter de la Mare ; Mr. T. S. Eliot and Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd., for the passage from

The Sacred Wood ; Messrs. Faber & Faber, Ltd., for “ Lied-holz ”, by Mr. Herbert Read ; the Executors of the late Thomas Hardy ; the Executors of the late W. E. Henley ; the Hogarth Press, for “ In Me Two Worlds ”, from *A Time to Dance*, by Mr. Cecil Day Lewis ; the Executors of the late A. E. Housman ; Lady Watson and Messrs. George G. Harrap & Co., Ltd., for “ April, April ”, from *The Poems of Sir William Watson, 1878-1935* ; and Mr. W. B. Yeats, for “ The Lake Isle of Innisfree ”, from his *Collected Poems*.

FREDERICK T. WOOD.

SHEFFIELD,

April, 1938.

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I

AND this is Dorlcote Mill. I must stand a minute or two here on the bridge and look at it, though the clouds are threatening, and it is far on in the afternoon. Even in this leafless time of departing February it is pleasant to look at : perhaps the chill, damp season adds a charm to the trimly-kept, comfortable dwelling-house, as old as the elms and chestnuts that shelter it from the northern blast. The stream is brimful now, and lies high in this little withy plantation, and half drowns the grassy fringe of the croft in front of the house. As I look at the full stream, the vivid grass, the delicate bright-green powder softening the outline of the great trunks and branches that gleam from under the bare purple boughs, I am in love with moistness, and envy the white ducks that are dipping their heads far into the water here among the withes, unmindful of the awkward appearance they make in the drier world above.

The rush of the water and the booming of the mill bring a dreamy deafness, which seems to heighten the peacefulness of the scene. They are like a great curtain of sound, shutting one out from the world beyond. And now there is the thunder of the huge covered wagon coming home with sacks of grain. That honest wagoner is thinking of his dinner, getting sadly dry in the oven at this late hour ; but he will not touch it till he has fed his horses—the strong, submissive, meek-eyed beasts, who, I fancy, are looking mild reproach at him from between their blinkers, that he should crack his whip at them in that awful manner, as if they needed that

hint! See how they stretch their shoulders up the slope towards the bridge, with all the more energy because they are so near home! Look at their grand shaggy feet that seem to grasp the firm earth, at the patient strength of their necks bowed under the heavy collar, at the mighty muscles of their struggling haunches! I should like well to hear them neigh over their hard-earned feed of corn, and see them, with their moist necks freed from the harness, dipping their eager nostrils into the muddy pond. Now they are on the bridge, and down they go again at a swifter pace, and the arch of the covered wagon disappears at the turning behind the trees.

Now I can turn my eyes towards the mill again, and watch the unresting wheel sending out its diamond jets of water. That little girl is watching it too: she has been standing on just the same spot at the edge of the water ever since I paused on the bridge. And that queer white cur with the brown ear seems to be leaping and barking in ineffectual remonstrance with the wheel; perhaps he is jealous, because his playfellow in the beaver bonnet is so rapt in its movement. It is time the little playfellow went in, I think; and there is a very bright fire to tempt her: the red light shines out under the deepening gray of the sky. It is time, too, for me to leave off resting my arms on the cold stone of this bridge.

Ah, my arms are really benumbed. I have been pressing my elbows on the arms of my chair, and dreaming that I was standing on the bridge in front of Dorlcote Mill, as it looked one February afternoon many years ago.

GEORGE ELIOT

QUESTIONS

1. What is the general impression made on the mind by this picture?

2. Each paragraph is dominated by one particular object. Can you pick it out?

3. Each paragraph is built around an abstract idea, which enters into it as atmosphere and is symbolised in each case in one abstract noun which the author uses. Find these three nouns.

4. What artistic purpose is served by drawing attention to the measured, ceaseless motion of the mill-wheel?

5. Offer any comments you consider pertinent on George Eliot's qualities as a descriptive writer.

II

THE DEAD

BLOW out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away ; poured out the red,
Sweet wine of youth ; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene,
That men call age ; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage ;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again,
And we have come into our heritage.

RUPERT BROOKE

QUESTIONS

1. What characteristic of this poem strikes you most at a first reading?
2. Study the structure of the piece. What is the relation of the octave to the sestet?
3. What is implied in the following phrases ? : the rich Dead ; the red, sweet wine of youth ; that unhopèd serene.

4. The poet asserts that those who died in the War made a double sacrifice. Explain this with reference to the octave of the sonnet.

5. Can you find one word in the octave, the idea of which is caught up and developed further in the sestet? Explain, as fully as you can, how this development takes place.

6. What is the "heritage" referred to in the last line? How is this line related to the rest of the sonnet?

7. If you read the poem several times you will notice a sense of grandeur and glamour about it. How is this effect produced? How far does the opening line contribute to it?

8. If you do not know it already, read Rupert Brooke's poem *The Soldier*, beginning,

If I should die, think only this of me.¹

Compare it with the sonnet you have just been considering. What resemblances and what differences do you notice between the two? Which do you feel is the greater poem?

9. Utilising the material you have collected in answering the above questions, and incorporating anything else which you consider relevant, write an essay in appreciation or criticism of this poem.

¹ To be found in Rupert Brooke's *1914 and Other Poems, Twenty Poems by Rupert Brooke*, and in the latest editions of *The Golden Treasury* (World's Classics).

III

I HAD an aunt, a dear and a good one. She was one whom single blessedness had soured to the world. She often used to say that I was the only thing in it which she loved, and when she thought I was quitting it she grieved over me with a mother's tears. A partiality quite so exclusive my reason cannot altogether approve. She was from morning till night poring over good books and devotional exercises. Her favourite volumes were Thomas à Kempis, in Stanhope's translation, and a Roman Catholic prayer book, with the *matins* and *complines* regularly set down—terms which I was at that time too young to understand. She persisted in reading them, although admonished daily concerning their Papistical tendency, and went to church every Sabbath as a good Protestant should do. These were the only books she studied, though I think at one period of her life, she told me, she had read with great satisfaction *The Adventures of an Unfortunate Young Nobleman*. Finding the door of the chapel in Essex Street open one day¹—it was in the infancy of that heresy—she went in, liked the sermon and the manner of worship, and frequented it at intervals for some time after. She came not for doctrinal points, and never missed them. With some little asperities in her constitution, which I have above hinted at, she was a steadfast, friendly being, and a fine *old Christian*. She was a woman of strong sense and a shrewd mind—extraordinary at repartee, one of the

¹ The Unitarian Church in Essex Street, off the Strand, founded by Theophilus Lindsey, a former Vicar of Catterick.

few occasions of her breaking silence—else she did not much value wit. The only secular employment I remember to have seen her engaged in was the splitting of French beans and dropping them into a china basin of fair water. The odour of those tender vegetables to this day comes back upon my sense, redolent of soothing recollections. Certainly it is the most delicate of culinary operations.

Male aunts, as somebody calls them, I had none—to remember. By the uncle's side I may be said to have been born an orphan. Brother or sister I never had any—to know them. A sister, I think, that should have been Elizabeth, died in both our infancies. What a comfort, or what a care, may I not have missed in her! But I have cousins sprinkled about in Hertfordshire—besides two with whom I have been all my life in the habits of closest intimacy, and whom I may term cousins *par excellence*. These are James and Bridget Elia. They are older than myself by twelve and ten years, and neither of them seems disposed, in matters of advice and guidance, to waive any of the prerogatives which primogeniture confers. May they still continue in the same mind; and when they shall be seventy-five and seventy-three years old (I cannot spare them sooner) persist in treating me in my grand climacteric precisely as a stripling or younger brother!

LAMB

QUESTIONS

1. In what spirit does the author give us this sketch of his relations, and particularly of his aunt?
2. What would you say are the salient features of Lamb's method of character portrayal?
3. Pick out examples of Lamb's use of contrast to emphasize a point.

4. Think of two or three appropriate adjectives to describe the author's aunt and one to describe each of the cousins James and Bridget Elia.

5. Does this passage throw any light on the personality of Lamb himself?

6. Select from the passage any words or phrases which strike you as quaint or unusual, and explain what is implied by them. What effect do they produce on the general tone of the piece?

7. Write a brief appreciation of this passage.

IV

So all day long the noise of battle rolled
Among the mountains by the winter sea ;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their Lord,
King Arthur : then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
“ The sequel of today unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more—but let what will be, be.
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.

Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
 Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how
 In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
 Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 Holding the sword—and how I rowed across
 And took it, and have worn it, like a King :
 And wheresoever I am sung or told
 In after-time, this also shall be known :
 But now delay not : take Excalibur,
 And fling him far into the middle mere :
 Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :
 " It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
 Aidless, alone, and smitten through the helm.
 A little thing may harm a wounded man.
 Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
 Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruined shrine he stept
 And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
 Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
 Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang,
 Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
 By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
 Came on the shining levels of the lake.

TENNYSON

QUESTIONS

1. Explain the meaning of the following words and phrases as used by Tennyson : strait ; the sequel of today ; unsolders ; lightly.

2. The first twelve lines of this extract provide the setting for the story of King Arthur's death. What impression does the picture leave? How is this produced? Do you think that the setting is an appropriate one?

3. What is the poetic and symbolic value of the "broken chancel with a broken cross"?

4. Comment on Tennyson's use of onomatopoeia. What other devices does he use to gain or to heighten the atmosphere of his lines?

5. To what extent is the effectiveness of the description in this passage dependent upon contrast?

6. Read to yourself once or twice the line

"Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful."

What is the effect of this line? How is it produced?

7. Pick out any phrases which appeal to you as being particularly picturesque. What kind of picture do they suggest?

8. If you read the King's speech to Sir Bedivere carefully you will notice a dignity and majesty of tone about it. By what means is this produced?

9. Using the answers to the above questions as a basis, and adding any other relevant observations, write a short appreciation of the passage.

V

THE principal object which I proposed to myself in these poems ¹ was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them throughout, as far as possible, in a selection of language really used by men : and at the same time to throw over them a certain colouring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual way ; and further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature : chiefly, as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement. Low and rustic life was generally chosen because in that condition the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language ; because in that condition of life our elementary feelings coexist in a state of greater simplicity, and consequently may be more accurately contemplated and more forcibly communicated ; because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings, and from the necessary character of rural occupations are more easily comprehended and are more durable ; and lastly because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature. The language, too, of these men is adopted (purified indeed from what appear to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or

¹ The *Lyrical Ballads*, originally published in 1798.

disgust) because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived ; and because, from their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse, being less under the influence of social vanity they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. Accordingly, such a language, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, is a more permanent and a far more philosophical language than that which is frequently substituted for it by poets, who think that they are conferring honour upon themselves and their art in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes and fickle appetites of their own creation.

WORDSWORTH

QUESTIONS

1. Explain the following phrases : the primary laws of nature ; the essential passions of the heart ; our elementary feelings coexist in a state of greater simplicity ; arbitrary and capricious habits of expression.

2. Explain clearly the full implication of the following :

(a) ordinary things presented to the mind in an unusual way.

(b) the best objects from which the best part of language is derived.

3. Divide this extract into three sections. What is the subject of each?

4. Enumerate the reasons given by Wordsworth for preferring " low and rustic life " as a subject for his poems.

5. Similarly enumerate the reasons he advances for the employment of the language of the peasantry.

6. How does the prose style of Wordsworth in this extract compare with the poetic style which he advocates?

7. Do you consider that, taken as a whole, Wordsworth's case is a valid one? If not, what would you urge against it?

8. Consider once again the arguments summarised in (4) and (5) above. Can you detect any fallacies in them?

9. Write a *précis* of the passage, giving it a suitable title.

VI

(a)

THE POPLAR FIELD

THE poplars are fell'd ; farewell to the shade
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade ;
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse in her bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I first took a view
Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew :
And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat ;
And the scene where his melody charmed me before
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head,
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

'Tis a sight to engage me, if anything can,
To muse on the perishing pleasures of man ;
Though his life be a dream, his enjoyments, I see,
Have a being less durable even than he.

COWPER

(b)

COMPOSED AT NEIDPATH CASTLE,
1803

DEGENERATE Douglas! O the unworthy lord!
 Whom mere despite of heart could so far please
 And love of havoc (for with such disease
 Fame taxes him), that he could send forth word
 To level with the dust a noble horde,
 A brotherhood of venerable trees,
 Leaving an ancient dome, and towers like these,
 Beggar'd and outraged!—Many hearts deplored
 The fate of those old trees ; and oft with pain
 The traveller at this day will stop and gaze
 On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to heed :
 For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks and bays,
 And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
 And the green silent pastures, yet remain.

WORDSWORTH

QUESTIONS

1. What difference do you notice between the mood of the two poems?
2. Each poem falls into two sections. In each case distinguish them and show the relation between them.
3. To whom does Cowper consider the injury has been done by the felling of the trees? What is Wordsworth's view?
4. What is your opinion of the moralising in the last two stanzas of Cowper's poem?

5. Would you consider Wordsworth's poem a good example of a sonnet, or not? Give the grounds of your opinion.

6. Compare the two works from the point of view of metre, diction, etc. How far do these enhance or contribute to the effect of Cowper's and Wordsworth's poems respectively; or conversely, how is the work marred by them?

7. Write a short essay comparing and contrasting these two poems as different treatments of a similar theme.

VII

I WISH the reader to fix his attention for a moment on these two great characters of the pine, its straightness and rounded perfectness ; both wonderful, and in their issue lovely, though they have hitherto prevented the tree from being drawn. I say, first, its straightness. Because we constantly see it in the wildest scenery, we are apt to remember only as characteristic examples of it those which have been disturbed by violent accident or disease. Of course such instances are frequent. The soil of the pine is subject to continual change ; perhaps the rock in which it is rooted splits in frost and falls forward, throwing the young stems aslope, or the whole mass of earth round it is undermined by rain, or a huge boulder falls on its stem from above, and forces it for twenty years to grow with weight of a couple of tons leaning on its side. Hence, especially at edges of loose cliffs, about waterfalls, or at glacier banks, and in other places liable to disturbance, the pine may be seen distorted and oblique ; and in Turner's *Source of the Arveron*, he has, with his usual unerring perception of the main point in any matter, fastened on this means of relating the glacier's history. The glacier cannot explain its own motion ; and ordinary observers saw in it only its rigidity ; but Turner saw that the wonderful thing was its non-rigidity. Other ice is fixed, only this ice stirs. All the banks are staggering beneath its waves, crumbling and withered as by the blast of a perpetual storm. He made the rocks of his foreground loose—rolling

and tottering down together; the pines smitten aside by them, their tops dead, bared by the ice wind.

Nevertheless, this is not the truest or universal expression of the pine's character. I said long ago, even of Turner: "Into the spirit of the pine he cannot enter." He understood the glacier at once; he had seen the force of sea on shore too often to miss the action of those crystal-crested waves. But the pine was strange to him, adverse to his delight in broad and flowing line; he refused its magnificent erectness. Magnificent!—nay, sometimes almost terrible. Other trees, tufting crag or hill, yield to the form and sway of the ground, clothe it with soft compliance, are partly its subjects, partly its flatterers, partly its comforters. But the pine rises in serene resistance, self-contained; nor can I ever without awe stay long under a great Alpine cliff, far from all house or work of men, looking up to its companies of pines, as they stand on the inaccessible juts and perilous ledges of the enormous wall, in quiet multitudes, each like the shadow of the one beside it—upright, fixed, spectral, as troops of ghosts standing on the walls of Hades, not knowing each other—dumb for ever. You cannot reach them, cannot cry to them—those trees never heard human voice; they are far above all sound but of the winds. No foot ever stirred fallen leaf of theirs. All comfortless they stand, between the two eternities of the Vacancy and the Rock: yet with such iron will, that the rock itself looks bent and shattered beside them—fragile, weak, inconsistent, compared to their dark energy of delicate life, and monotony of enchanted pride: unnumbered, unconquerable.

Then note, farther, their perfectness. The impression on most people's minds must have been received more from pictures than reality, so far as I can judge—so ragged they think the pine; whereas its chief character in health is green

and full *roundness*. It stands compact, like one of its own cones, slightly curved on its sides, finished and quaint as a carved tree in some Elizabethan garden; and instead of being wild in expression, forms the softest of all forest scenery; for other trees show their trunks and twisting boughs: but the pine, growing either in luxuriant mass or in happy isolation, allows no branch to be seen. Summit behind summit rise its pyramidal ranges, or down to the very grass sweep the circlets of its boughs; so that there is nothing but green cone and green carpet. Nor is it only softer, but in one sense more cheerful than other foliage; for it casts only a pyramidal shadow. Lowland forest arches overhead, and chequers the ground with darkness; but the pine, growing in scattered groups, leaves the glades between emerald-bright. Its gloom is all its own; narrowing into the sky, it lets the sunshine strike down to the dew. And if ever a superstitious feeling comes over me among the pine-glades, it is never tainted with the old German forest fear; but is only a more solemn tone of the fairy enchantment that haunts our English meadows.

RUSKIN

QUESTIONS

1. Explain what is meant by the following words and phrases: in their issue; the universal expression of the pine's character; clothe it with soft compliance; serene resistance.

2. "Other trees, tufting crag or hill, yield to the form and sway of the ground . . . are partly its subjects, partly its flatterers, partly its comforters." What does Ruskin mean to suggest by this sentence?

3. What is the central topic of each of the three para-

graphs in this extract? Can you pick out a topic-sentence in each?

4. Ruskin makes, then, three main points about the pine trees. Express each one in a clearly and carefully constructed sentence of your own; then combine the three sentences to make one short paragraph.

5. Study the second half of paragraph 2, starting, "But the pine rises in serene resistance . . ." etc. What impression does the author desire to convey in this passage? How does he achieve it?

6. Compare (or contrast) this with the impression produced in the second half of paragraph 3, starting, "It stands compact . . ." etc.

7. Examine the similes used by Ruskin and comment upon their purpose and effectiveness.

8. Which do you consider the most picturesque passage in this extract? Can you suggest why the picture in the passage you have selected stands out so prominently and clearly?

9. Have you any observations to offer on Ruskin's diction, style, sentence-structure, his attitude to his readers, etc.?

10. Taking the answers to the above questions as a basis, write an appreciation or a criticism of this passage.

He too might make his Author's wisdom clear,
 Praise Him on earth, or, obstinately dumb,
 Suffer His justice in a world to come. 30
 This once believed, 'twere logic misapplied
 To prove a consequence by none denied,
 That we are bound to cast the minds of youth
 Betimes into the mould of Heavenly truth,
 That, taught of God, they may indeed be wise, 35
 Nor, ignorantly wandering, miss the skies.

COWPER

(Passage set by Northern Joint Board, Higher School Certificate Examination, 1936.)

QUESTIONS

1. Express clearly, in your own words, the meaning of lines 1-2, 17-18 and 31-34.

2. Select two examples of what you consider stylistic blemishes, and two of stylistic merits from this passage. Explain why you like or dislike them.

3. Enumerate the chief characteristics of the heroic couplet measure as employed by Cowper.

4. What is the subject of this passage? Write a précis of it in your own words, bringing out clearly the successive stages of the development of the thought.

IX

It was a dull, close, overcast summer evening. The clouds which had been threatening all day, spread out in a dense and sluggish mass of vapour, already yielded large drops of rain, and seemed to presage a violent thunderstorm, when Mr. and Mrs. Bumble, turning out of the main street of the town, directed their course towards a scattered little colony of ruinous houses, distant from it some mile and a half, or thereabouts, and erected on a low, unwholesome swamp, bordering upon the river.

They were both wrapped in old and shabby outer garments, which might, perhaps, serve the double purpose of protecting their persons from the rain, and sheltering them from observation. The husband carried a lantern, from which, however, no light yet shone, and trudged on, a few paces in front, as though—the way being dirty—to give his wife the benefit of treading in his heavy foot-prints. They went on, in profound silence; every now and then, Mr. Bumble relaxed his pace, and turned his head as if to make sure that his helpmate was following: then, discovering that she was close at his heels, he mended his rate of walking, and proceeded, at a considerable increase of speed, towards their place of destination.

This was far from being a place of doubtful character, for it had long been known as the residence of none but low ruffians, who, under various pretences of living by their labour, subsisted chiefly on plunder and crime. It was a collection of mere hovels: some, hastily built with loose bricks:

others, of old worm-eaten ship-timber : jumbled together without any attempt at order or arrangement, and planted, for the most part, within a few feet of the river's bank. A few leaky boats drawn up on the mud, and made fast to the dwarf wall which skirted it, and here and there an oar or coil of rope, appeared, at first, to indicate that the inhabitants of these miserable cottages pursued some avocation on the river ; but a glance at the shattered and useless condition of the articles thus displayed, would have led a passer-by, without much difficulty, to the conjecture that they were disposed there rather for the preservation of appearances, than with any view to their being actually employed.

In the heart of this cluster of huts, and skirting the river, which its upper storeys overhung, stood a large building, formerly used as a manufactory of some kind. It had, in its day, probably furnished employment to the inhabitants of the surrounding tenements. But it had long since gone to ruin. The rat, the worm, and the action of the damp, had weakened and rotted the piles on which it stood, and a considerable portion of the building had already sunk down into the water, while the remainder, tottering and bending over the dark stream, seemed to wait a favourable opportunity of following its old companion, and involving itself in the same fate.

It was before this ruinous building that the worthy couple paused, as the first peal of distant thunder reverberated in the air, and the rain commenced pouring violently down.

DICKENS

QUESTIONS

1. What is the general impression left on the mind by this passage of description? How is this impression produced?

2. What is described in the first paragraph? In the second? In the third? In the fourth? Note in what order these objects are arranged, and how the sinister note becomes more pronounced as the author turns from one object to the next.

3. What is the effect of the reference to the sudden peal of thunder? Why is this put at the end of the description, and not at the beginning?

4. To what kind of episode do you suppose this is intended to form a background? Can you find any hints in the passage which would lead you to this conclusion?

5. What adjectives could you apply to Dickens' style in this passage?

6. Tabulate what you consider (a) the merits, and (b) the defects in the artistry of this extract.

7. Using the same methods as Dickens, write a description of a conspirator or a criminal going to a rendezvous in a squalid quarter of a great city. Compare your own attempt with the passage given above and ask yourself whether it is as effective.

X

(a)

TO DAFFODILS

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see

 You haste away so soon :

As yet the early-rising sun

 Has not attained his noon.

 Stay, stay,

Until the hasting day

 Has run

But to the even-song ;

And having prayed together, we

 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,

 We have as short a Spring ;

As quick a growth to meet decay

 As you, or any thing.

 We die,

As your hours do, and dry

 Away

Like to the Summer's rain ;

Or as the pearls of morning dew,

 Ne'er to be found again.

HERRICK

(b)

THE DAFFODILS

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company!
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

WORDSWORTH

QUESTIONS

1. The two poems printed above were both inspired by daffodils. Point out all the differences between them that you can in (a) Subject, (b) Mood, (c) Style.
2. "Where Herrick is concerned with the mortality of the flowers, Wordsworth dwells upon their immortality." Amplify this statement and show how it is applicable to these two poems.
3. Do you find anything in common between the verses of Herrick and those of Wordsworth?
4. Comment upon the appropriateness (or otherwise) of the similes used by Wordsworth. How do they differ from those of Herrick?
5. To what extent is the mood of each poet reflected in their metre, stanza-form, etc.?
6. Which of these two pieces most appeals to you? Why?

XI

It has been assumed, tacitly and avowedly, directly and indirectly, that the ultimate object of all poetry is Truth. Every poem, it is said, should inculcate a moral, and by this moral is the poetical merit of the work to be adjudged. We have taken it into our heads that to write a poem simply for the poem's sake, and to acknowledge such to have been our design, would be to confess ourselves radically wanting in the true poetic dignity and force : but the simple fact is, that would we but permit ourselves to look into our own souls, we should immediately there discover that under the sun there neither exists nor can exist any work more thoroughly dignified, more supremely noble than this very poem, this poem *per se*, this poem which is a poem and nothing more, this poem written solely for the poem's sake.

With as deep a reverence for the True as ever inspired the bosom of man, I would nevertheless limit, in some measure, its modes of inculcation. I would limit to enforce them. I would not enfeeble them by dissipation. The demands of Truth are severe. She has no sympathy with the myrtles. All *that* which is so indispensable in song is precisely all that with which she has nothing whatever to do. It is but making her a flaunting paradox to wreath her in gems and flowers. In enforcing a Truth we need severity rather than efflorescence of language. We must be simple, precise, terse. We must be cool, calm, unimpassioned. In a word, we must be in that mood which, as nearly as possible, is the exact converse of the poetical. He must be blind indeed who does not

perceive the radical and chasmal difference between the truthful and the poetical modes of inculcation. He must be theory-mad beyond redemption who, in spite of these differences, shall still persist in attempting to reconcile the obstinate oils and waters of Poetry and Truth.

E. A. POE

(Passage set by the Northern Joint Board, Higher School Certificate Examination, 1936.)

QUESTIONS

1. Explain the following phrases : tacitly and avowedly ; this poem *per se* ; no sympathy with the myrtles ; efflorescence of language.

2. In an earlier part of the essay from which this passage is taken, Poe speaks of "the heresy of the didactic". Judging from the extract given above, which is an elaboration of the same point, what do you think he means by this phrase?

3. Poe uses *Truth* and *Poetry* to signify antithetical ideas ; but both of these terms are very vague and would have different meanings for different people. What is the meaning that Poe attaches to them?

4. Do you think that the argument that Truth and Poetry are incompatible with each other is a valid one, or is it possible to reconcile them?

5. Summarise Poe's arguments in this passage in about 100 words, and then illustrate them by reference to two or three well-known English poems.

XII

STANZAS FROM *THE LOTOS-EATERS*

“COURAGE,” he said, and pointed toward the land,
“This mounting wave will roll us shore-ward soon.”
In the afternoon they came unto a land,
In which it seemèd always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon ;
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go ;
And some thro’ wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land : far off, three mountain tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flushed : and dewed with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmèd sunset lingered low adown
In the red West ; thro’ mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Bordered with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale ;

A land where all things always seemed the same!
 And round about the keel with faces pale,
 Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
 The mild-eyed, melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
 Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
 To each, but whoso did receive of them,
 And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
 Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave
 On alien shores ; and if his fellow spake,
 His voice was thin, as voices from the grave ;
 And deep asleep he seemed, yet all awake,
 And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
 Between the sun and moon upon the shore ;
 And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
 Of child, and wife, and slave, but evermore
 Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
 Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
 Then someone said, " We will return no more " ;
 And all at once they sang, " Our island home
 Is far beyond the wave ; we will no longer roam."

TENNYSON

QUESTIONS

1. Explain, as precisely as you can, what the poet implies by the following phrases :

- (a) a land,
 In which it seemèd always afternoon.
 (b) the languid air did swoon.

(c) Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn.

(d) The wandering fields of barren foam.

2. What atmosphere does Tennyson create in this description of the Lotos Island? Can you pick out any noteworthy lines or phrases which are particularly suggestive?

3. Notice the frequency of the *m*, *n*, or *w* sounds at the end of the lines. What effect does this produce?

4. It is impossible to read these verses very quickly. How is this effect secured?

5. What other means, besides those you have already referred to, does Tennyson employ to secure his atmosphere?

6. Comment upon the appropriateness and poetic value of the similes.

7. Do you know any other poem in which the author describes a locality by emphasizing the languor and dreaminess of the atmosphere? If so, compare it with this extract from Tennyson and say which you think is the more skillful and successful.

8. On the basis of your answers to the above questions, write an appreciation of these verses.

XIII

I DENY not, but that it is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves, as well as men ; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors ; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are ; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth : and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book : who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image ; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth ; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life, whereof, perhaps, there is no great loss ; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books ; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom ; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre,

whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself; slays an immortality rather than a life.

MILTON

QUESTIONS

1. Express clearly, in your own words, the meaning of the following phrases used by Milton.

(a) Books . . . do contain a progeny of life in them.

(b) Kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye.

(c) A life beyond life.

(d) Revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth.

(e) That seasoned life of man.

(f) The execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal and fifth essence.

2. Explain the reference to "those fabulous dragon's teeth". How does Milton apply this simile to books?

3. Express as simply as possible, in one sentence of your own, Milton's main argument against the censorship of literature.

4. Do you consider the argument a valid one? If not, what counter-argument could you bring against it?

5. What are the qualities of style which are present in the extract but which you would not expect to find in a modern work on the same subject? What is their general effect on the passage? From (a) a stylistic point of view, and (b) a propagandist one, do you feel that they are assets or otherwise?

6. Write a short appreciation of Milton's prose style in this passage.

7. Write a paraphrase of this extract, using about 100 words and supplying a suitable title.

XIV

(The following three stanzas are taken from Shelley's *Adonais*, a poem on the death of Keats.)

HE is made one with Nature : there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird ;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own ;
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely ; he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear ;
Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear ;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

The splendours of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed but are extinguished not ;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
And death is a low mist, which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought

Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
 And love and life contend in it, for what
 Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there,
 And move like winds of light, on dark and stormy air.

SHELLEY

(Passage set by the Northern Joint Board, Higher School Certificate Examination, 1937).

QUESTIONS

1. Explain clearly the following terms, bringing out their full implication and significance : night's sweet bird ; herb ; which wields the world ; the one Spirit's plastic stress ; torturing th' unwilling dross ; its mortal lair.

2. Explain what Shelley means by :

(a) that Power . . . which has withdrawn his being to its own.

(b) the loveliness which once he made more lovely.

(c) compelling . . . all new successions to the forms they wear.

3. Paraphrase lines 5-9 of the third stanza, giving a literal rendering of the final simile.

4. Re-read the first three lines of the extract. Why does Shelley particularly select " the moan of thunder " and " the song of night's sweet bird " ?

5. In stanza 2 Shelley speaks of " the one Spirit " ; in the previous stanza he refers to it as a " Power ". From a careful and detailed study of the extract as a whole, explain what Shelley meant by these terms.

6. In what way is this spiritual conception of the universe relevant to the subject of the poem (i.e. the death of Keats) ?

7. Write an appreciation of Shelley's style, technique, etc. in these three stanzas. Pay special attention to the general effect of the stanzas, the metre, the diction, figures of speech, the relation between idea and expression, and any other aspect which you deem relevant.

XV

THERE are two errors, widely prevalent, which pervert to the very basis our judgments formed about such men as Cromwell; about their "ambition", "falsity", and such-like. The first is what I might call substituting the *goal* of their career for the course and starting point of it. The vulgar Historian of a Cromwell fancies that he had determined on being Protector of England, at the time when he was ploughing the marsh lands of Cambridgeshire. His career lay all mapped-out: a program of the whole drama; which he then, step by step, dramatically unfolded, with all manner of cunning, deceptive dramaturgy, as he went on—the hollow, scheming *ὑποκριτής*, or Play-actor that he was! This is a radical perversion; all but universal in such cases. And think for an instant how different the fact is! How much does one of *us* foresee of his own life? Short way ahead of us is all dim; an unwound skein of possibilities, of apprehensions, attemptabilities, vague-looming hopes. This Cromwell had *not* his life lying all in that fashion of Program, which he needed then, with that unfathomable cunning of his, only to enact dramatically, scene after scene! Not so. We see it so; but to him it was in no measure so. What absurdities would fall away of themselves, were this one undeniable fact kept honestly in view by History! Historians indeed will tell you that they do keep it in view;—but look whether such is practically the fact! Vulgar History, as in this Cromwell's case, omits it altogether; even the best kinds of History only remember it

now and then. To remember it duly with rigorous perfection, as in the fact it *stood*, requires indeed a rare faculty ; rare, nay impossible. A very Shakspeare for faculty ; or more than Shakspeare ; who could *enact* a brother-man's biography, see with the brother-man's eyes at all points of his course what things *he* saw ; in short, *know* his courage and him, as few " Historians " are like to do. Half or more of all the thick-plied perversions which distort our image of Cromwell will disappear, if we honestly so much as try to represent them so ; in sequence, as they *were* ; not in the lump, as they are thrown down before us.

But a second error, which I think the generality commit, refers to this same " ambition " itself. We exaggerate the ambition of Great Men ; we mistake what the nature of it is. Great Men are not ambitious in that sense ; he is a small, poor man that is ambitious so. Examine the man who lives in misery because he does not shine above other men ; who goes about producing himself, pruriently anxious about his gifts and claims ; struggling to force everybody, as it were begging everybody for God's sake, to acknowledge him a great man, and set him over the heads of men ! Such a creature is among the wretchedest sights seen under this sun. A *great* man ? A poor, morbid, prurient, empty man ; fitter for the ward of a hospital, than for a throne among men. I advise you to keep out of his way. He cannot walk on quiet paths ; unless you will look at him, wonder at him, write paragraphs about him, he cannot live. It is the *emptiness* of the man, not his greatness. Because there is nothing in himself, he hungers and thirsts that you would find something in him. In good truth, I believe no great man, not so much as a genuine man who had health and real substance in him of whatever magnitude, was ever much tormented in this way.

QUESTIONS

1. Explain the following expressions as used by Carlyle in this passage: the vulgar historian; deceptive dramaturgy; thick-plied perversions; lives in misery; producing himself.

2. In his opening sentence Carlyle refers to two errors which pervert our judgment of men like Cromwell. What are they? State each in a concise sentence of your own.

3. What does Carlyle imply by the phrase "an unwound skein of possibilities" when he uses it as a description of life? Find other examples of this kind of metaphor in the passage.

4. Can you detect any flaw in Carlyle's argument in the first paragraph?

5. What particular qualities of style distinguish Carlyle's prose from that of most other authors you have read?

6. Can you gather anything of the author's own personality from this piece of writing?

7. Summarise this passage in one paragraph of your own, using about 150 words.

XVI

(a)

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass ;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass ;
Oh sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine ; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts ; and both seem given to earth
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song—
Indoors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

LEIGH HUNT

(b)

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

THE poetry of earth is never dead :
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead :

That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury—he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never ;
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the hearth there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

KEATS

QUESTIONS

1. These two poems were written in friendly rivalry, Keats and Leigh Hunt having agreed each to compose a sonnet on the subject of the grasshopper and the cricket. Point out (a) the resemblances and (b) the differences in the way the two authors have treated their subject.

2. Can you find one word or phrase in each piece which symbolises the poet's angle of approach to his subject?

3. Contrast the diction, rhythm, style etc. of these two sonnets. Which of them do you consider the better poem?

XVII

THAT the profession of a player was anciently held sometimes as contemptible, and sometimes as odious, is known to all who are acquainted with the history of mankind : but the causes of this are also known. Stage-playing being originally nothing better than coarse and rustic buffoonery, when Thespis¹ or such as Thespis exhibited their performances in a cart, it could not fail to be contemptible ; and when the idea of contempt is once annexed to a profession it is not easily removed—hence it was that the business of stage-playing was appropriated to slaves or to the meanest of the people. That the profession was odious, there is no wonder ; since the ancient comedy was a bare-faced attack upon living characters, who were brought upon the stage and exposed to public scorn. In more modern times, wherever the Christian religion was established, players were looked upon with a most unfavourable eye, because their shows tended to keep alive the fictions of heathen idolatry ; and however much later times may have improved in liberality of sentiments, it must be acknowledged that their prejudices against the profession of a player have continued much longer than could have been expected. The effects have remained after the causes have ceased ; and because players had once been obnoxious for having fomented paganism, they were obnoxious still, when paganism was no longer an object of attention : the human mind continued its aversion to them, as a man who has been tossed at sea

¹ An ancient Greek actor,

feels himself agitated long after he is upon land, or as the foolish person mentioned by Mr. Locke, who being accustomed to strike the hours in imitation of a neighbouring clock, continued to strike after the clock was removed.

But the present age¹ holds the profession of a player in a proper light, and treats it accordingly. We may now see that it ought to be ranked amongst the learned professions : for the truth is, that in order to be a good player, there is required a greater share of genius, knowledge and accomplishments than for any one profession whatever ; for this reason, that the profession of a player comprehends the whole system of human life—*quicquid agunt homines*. When I talk thus I talk of an universal player ; and surely, in order to be that, in any degree of perfection, all that I have now mentioned is necessary. For any one of what are commonly called the three learned professions, viz., law, physic and divinity, there is, no doubt, required much knowledge and much address, or many accomplishments. But the player must have a share of the requisites of each of these classes of men, because he must alternately represent an individual characteristical of each. Mr. Dryden's fine satirical lines on the Duke of Buckingham,

And in the space of one revolving moon,
Is poet, fiddler, statesman and buffoon,²

may with a little variation be seriously applied to the universal player : for he must in the space of a moon be lawyer, divine and physician, with all the other characters or discriminations of the human species, which have been formed

¹ i.e. the second half of the eighteenth century.

² From *Absalom and Achitophel* ; but a slight misquotation, Dryden wrote "chemist", not "poet".

in society. In Mr. Samuel Johnson's noble prologue, at the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, it is said of Shakespeare—

Each change of many-coloured life he drew.

The same may be said of a player, who animates the paintings of Shakespeare. We who live at present have an opportunity of observing a wonderful example of what I have now set forth. Mr. Garrick¹ exhibits in his own person such a variety of characters, with such propriety and excellence as not only to catch the immediate applause of the multitude, but to be the delight and admiration of the judicious, enlightened and philosophical spectators: as was said of Terence,

Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim.²

When I maintain that learning is necessary to a player who is to represent a man of learning, I do not mean that he is to be understood to have as much learning as may be annexed to the character which he represents. Thus, in order to appear well upon the stage as a lawyer, a physician or a divine, it certainly is not necessary to have a deep knowledge either of law, physic or divinity: yet it is necessary to have so much knowledge as to enter into the general scope of the character and have a just perception of the different expressions: not to mention that without some knowledge of the science belonging to each character, it is impossible fully to see the blunders and absurdities, arising from ignorance, petulance and conceit, which often constitute the ridi-

¹ David Garrick, the famous eighteenth-century actor who was at this time at the zenith of his fame.

² He seized on the leaders of the people and on the people in whole tribes. (Horace, Satires, Bk. II, Sat. i, line 69).

culc of the part and appear unmeaning and insipid if not set off by the player with due intelligence and poignancy.

BOSWELL

QUESTIONS

1. Enumerate the reasons given by Boswell for the unpopularity of players in former times.

2. What does Boswell mean by a "universal player"?

3. Why does the author hold that a good player "ought to be ranked amongst the learned professions"?

4. What is the central topic of discussion or exposition in each of these three paragraphs?

5. Do you think the introduction of Latin quotations and the reference to authorities etc. improve or mar the piece?

6. Is the argument advanced by Boswell in the second paragraph a valid one? Give reasons for your answer.

7. Write a *précis* of this passage, about one-third the length of the original, and give your summary an appropriate title.

XVIII

(a)

COME, Sleep, O Sleep! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place ¹ of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low ;
With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw :
O make me in those civil wars to cease ;
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind of light,
A rosy garland and a weary head ;
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image ² see.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

(b)

Softly along the road of evening,
In a twilight dim with rose,
Wrinkled with age, and drenched with dew,
Old Nod, the shepherd, goes.

¹ A place for refreshment.

² The "image", or imagined features of his mistress, Stella

His drowsy flocks stream on before him,
 Their fleeces charged with gold,
 To where the sun's last beam leans low
 On Nod the shepherd's fold.

The hedge is quick and green with briar,
 From their sand the conies creep ;
 And all the birds that fly in heaven
 Flock singing home to sleep.

His lambs outnumber a noon's roses,
 Yet, when night's shadows fall,
 His blind old sheep-dog, Slumber-soon,
 Misses not one of all.

His are the quiet steeps of dreamland,
 The waters of no more pain,
 His ram's bell rings 'neath an arch of stars,
 " Rest, rest, and rest again."

WALTER DE LA MARE

(Poems set by the Northern Joint Board, Higher School
 Certificate Examination, 1935.)

QUESTIONS

1. Explain the following words and phrases in poem (a) :
 shield of proof ; prease ; as being thine by right.
2. Poem (a) is a sonnet of the Shakespearean type. What
 is the subject of the octave? Of the sestet?
3. Why does Sir Philip Sidney call Sleep " The indifferent
 judge between the high and low " ?
4. In the first four lines of poem (a) many names are
 applied to sleep. What does the poet intend to suggest by

them all? Judging from this, what would you say was the author's aim in this poem?

5. Poem (b) also deals with sleep, but in a different spirit. What is the aim of the poet here? How does he achieve it?

6. The first of these poems does not make its appeal to the same faculty of the mind as the second. To what would you say the first one appealed? The second?

7. Try to show how diction, stanza-form, metre etc. are instrumental in each case in producing the desired effect. Could Walter de la Mare's poem have been written as a sonnet?

8. Pick out two different lines or phrases in each poem which strike you as particularly felicitous and try to explain where the charm of them lies.

9. Which of these pieces do you like best? Why?

XIX

I NAME Sir George Saville last, because he deserves a more copious character. He rose afterwards to be a Viscount, Earl and Marquis of Halifax. He was a man of a great and ready wit ; full of life, and very pleasant ; much turned to satire. He let his wit run much on matters of religion, so that he passed for a bold and determined Atheist, though he often protested to me he was not one, and said he believed there was not one in the world. He confessed he could not swallow down everything that divines imposed on the world. He was a Christian in submission. He believed as much as he could and he hoped that God would not lay it to his charge if he could not digest iron, as an ostrich did, nor take into his belief things that must burst him. If he had any scruples they were not sought for, nor cherished by him, for he never read an atheistical book. In a fit of sickness I knew him touched with a sense of religion. I was then often with him. He seemed full of good purposes, but they went off with his sickness. He was always talking of morality and friendship. He was punctual in all payments, and just in all his private dealings ; but with relation to the public he went backwards and forwards, and changed sides so often that in conclusion no side trusted him. He seemed full of Commonwealth notions ; yet he went into the worst part of King Charles' reign. The liveliness of his imagination was always too hard for his judgment. A severe jest was preferred by him to all arguments whatsoever ; and he was endless in his consultations. For when, after much discourse, a point was

settled, if he could find a new jest to make even that which was suggested by himself seem ridiculous, he could not hold, but would study to raise the credit of his wit, though it made others call his judgment in question. When he talked to me as a philosopher of his contempt of the world, I asked him what he meant by getting so many new titles, which I called the hanging himself about with bells and tinsel. He had no other excuse for it but this: that since the world were such fools as to value those matters, a man must be a fool for company. He considered them but as rattles. Yet rattles please children; so these things might be of use to his family. His heart was much set on raising his family. But though he made a vast estate for them, he buried two of his sons himself, and almost all his grandchildren. The son that survived was an honest man, but far inferior to him.

BURNET

QUESTIONS

1. Explain what is meant by the following phrases :
 - (a) He was a Christian by submission.
 - (b) He seemed full of Commonwealth notions.
 - (c) The liveliness of his imagination was always too hard for his judgment.
2. Make a list of the six main traits of character which Burnet notes in Halifax.
3. Comment on Burnet's use of contrast as a means of character portrayal. What is its effect in this particular case?
4. Find at least one good example of irony and one of epigram in this extract.

5. What other observations have you to make on Burnet's prose style?

6. What do you think is the key to Sir George Saville's character, or the main impression of it that the author of this passage wished to leave with us? Try to find one adjective or noun that will express it.

7. Do you think that this conception of the man has had any influence on the style in which the portrait is written? If so, in what respects?

8. Summarise this passage in a paragraph of about 140 words. Use your own language and style as far as possible.

XX

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And still the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
Or drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Nor busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knee the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the Poor.

GRAY

QUESTIONS

1. In the first three stanzas the poet describes nightfall in the churchyard of Stoke Poges. What is the atmosphere he creates? How is this accomplished?

2. Do you feel that these stanzas form a fitting opening for an elegy? Show how the idea of *Death*, the subject of the main part of the poem, has influenced the language and the imagery in the opening verses.

3. Stanzas 5-7 describe a typical day in the life of the "rude forefathers of the hamlet". To what part of the day does each stanza correspond? Note the particular aspect of each period that the poet stresses.

4. Pick out any lines which you consider particularly picturesque and any words or phrases which seem to you particularly well-chosen.

5. What is your opinion of the personification in the last stanza?

6. Write an appreciation (or criticism) of these verses.

XXI

(a)

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

BROWNING

(b)

APRIL, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears!
April, that mine ears
Like a lover greetest,
If I tell thee, sweetest,
All my hopes and fears,
April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter,
But the moment after,
Weep thy golden tears!

SIR WILLIAM WATSON

(c)

A BREATH, a sigh—and March is fled ;
A dying cry—bleak March is dead ;
A ling'ring smile, a glitt'ring tear,
A song the while—April is here!
A sunny gleam, a smiling sky,
A happy dream soon gliding by,
A trembling glance, a falling tear,
A spring-time dance—April is here!

K. BROWN

QUESTIONS

1. All three of the above poems deal with April. What particular aspect of the month is treated by each poet?
2. How far is the technique of each poem influenced by the impression the author wishes to convey?
3. In which does the picture of April seem most real to you? Why?
4. Which two of these poems seem to you to have most in common? How does the third one differ from them?
5. Which do you prefer as poetry? Give reasons for your choice.

XXII

AUTHORS of the highest eminence seem to be fully satisfied with the view that each species has been independently created. To my mind it accords better with what we know of the laws impressed on matter by the Creator, that the production and extinction of the past and present inhabitants of the world should have been due to secondary causes, like those determining the birth and death of the individual. When I view all beings, not as special creations, but as the lineal descendants of some few beings which lived long before the first bed of the Cambrian system was deposited,¹ they seem to me to become ennobled. Judging from the past, we may safely infer that not one living species will transmit its unaltered likeness to a distant futurity. And of the species now living very few will transmit progeny of any kind to a far distant futurity; for the manner in which all organic beings are grouped, shows that the greater number of the species in each genus, and all the species in many genera, have left no descendants, but have become utterly extinct. We can so far take a prophetic glance into futurity as to foretell that it will be the common and widely spread species, belonging to the larger and dominant groups within each class, which will ultimately prevail and procreate new and dominant species. As all the forms of life are the lineal

¹ The earliest fossiliferous geological formation known to scientists. It appears to have been deposited before the time of vertebrates, though it is generally agreed that the fossils found embedded in it are not those of the earliest types of fauna. The name is derived from the fact that in the British Isles it occurs chiefly in Wales.

descendants of those which lived long before the Cambrian epoch, we may feel sure that the ordinary succession by generation has never once been broken, and that no cataclysm has desolated the whole world. Hence we may look with some confidence to a secure future of great length. And as natural selection works solely by and for the good of each being, all corporeal and mental endowments will tend to progress towards perfection.

It is interesting to contemplate a tangled bank, clothed with many plants of many kinds, with birds singing on the bushes, with various insects flitting about, and with worms crawling through the damp earth, and to reflect that these elaborately constructed forms, so different from each other and dependent upon each other in so complex a manner, have been all produced by laws acting around us. These laws, taken in the largest sense, being Growth and Reproduction; Inheritance which is almost implied in reproduction; Variability from the indirect and direct action of the conditions of life, and from use and disuse: a Ratio of Increase so high as to lead to a Struggle for Life, and as a consequence to Natural Selection, entailing Divergence of Character and the Extension of less-improved forms. Thus, from the war of nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher animals, directly follows. There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being evolved.

DARWIN

QUESTIONS

1. Explain the following terms: organic beings; genus; natural selection.
2. What name would you give to the view of life that Darwin urges in this passage? How does this view differ from that which he rejects, but which was more commonly accepted in his day (*i.e.* the mid-nineteenth century)?
3. State in one carefully worded sentence the main argument advanced and developed in the first paragraph. Do the same for the second paragraph.
4. Tabulate the main stages by which Darwin develops his thesis.
5. In the first paragraph the author declares that when he views life in the light of the theory he here expounds, all beings "seem to become ennobled". Explain what he means by this.
6. This is an example of a passage of expository prose. What qualities would you look for in this type of writing? To what extent do you find them in the present passage?
7. Write a summary of this extract in one paragraph of about 135 words. Give it a suitable title.

XXIII

(a)

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER

WHEN my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry, " Weep, weep, weep, weep,"
So your chimneys I sweep and in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre who cried when his head,
That curl'd like a lamb's back, was shav'd : so I said,
" Hush, Tom, never mind it, for when your head's bare
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair."

And so he was quiet, and that very night,
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight,
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black.

And by came an Angel who had a bright key,
And he open'd the coffins and set them all free ;
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing, they run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind ;
And the Angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke ; and we rose in the dark,
 And got with our bags and our brushes to work.
 Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm ;
 So if all do their duty they need not fear harm.

BLAKE

(b)

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER

A LITTLE black thing among the snow,
 Crying " Weep, weep," in notes of woe!
 " Where are thy father and mother, say? "
 " They are both gone up to the Church to pray.

" Because I was happy upon the heath,
 And smil'd among the winter's snow,
 They clothed me in the clothes of death,
 And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

" And because I am happy, and dance and sing,
 They think they have done me no injury,
 And are gone to praise God, and his priest and King,
 Who make up a heaven of our misery."

BLAKE

QUESTIONS

1. The two poems printed above are on the same subject and by the same author. The first is from William Blake's *Songs of Innocence*, the second from the *Songs of Experience*. Point out the contrast between them in tone and purport.

2. To what is the allusion in the concluding line of poem (b)?

3. Show how Blake makes use of ironic contrast in the second poem.

4. What general principle does the poet mean to illustrate in the first of these pieces?

5. Which of the two versions do you prefer as poetry? Why?

XXIV

TAKING up the subject, then, upon general grounds, I ask what is meant by the word Poet? What is a poet? To whom does he address himself? And what language is to be expected from him? He is a man speaking to men: a man, it is true, endued with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the universe, and habitually compelled to create them where he does not find them. To these qualities he has added a disposition to be affected more than other men by absent things as if they were present; an ability of conjuring up in himself passions, which are indeed far from being the same as those produced by real events, yet (especially in those parts of the general sympathy which are pleasing and delightful) do more nearly resemble the passions produced by real events than anything which, from the motions of their own minds merely, other men are accustomed to feel in themselves; whence, and from practice, he has acquired a greater readiness and power in expressing what he thinks and feels, and especially those thoughts and feelings which, by his own choice, or from the structure of his own mind, arise in him without immediate external excitement.

But whatever portion of this faculty we may suppose even the greatest poet to possess, there cannot be a doubt but that the language which it will suggest to him must, in liveliness and truth, fall far short of that which is uttered by men in real life, under the actual pressure of those passions, certain shadows of which the poet thus produces, or feels to be produced, in himself. However exalted a notion we would wish to cherish of the character of a poet, it is obvious that, while he describes and imitates passions, his situation is altogether slavish and mechanical, compared with the freedom and power of real and substantial action and suffering. So that it will be the wish of the poet to bring his feelings near to those of the persons whose feelings he describes ; nay, for a short space of time to let himself slip into an entire delusion, and even confound and identify his own feelings with theirs, modifying only the language which is thus suggested to him, by a consideration that he describes for a particular purpose, that of giving pleasure. Here, then, he will apply the principle on which I have so much insisted, namely that of selection ; on this he will depend for removing what would otherwise be painful or disgusting in the passion ; he will feel there is no necessity to trick out or to elevate nature ; and the more industriously he applies this principle, the deeper will be his faith that no words which his fancy or imagination can suggest, will be to be compared with those which are the emanations of reality and truth.

WORDSWORTH

QUESTIONS

1. Explain the following terms used in the passage : more lively sensibility ; a more comprehensive soul ;

volitions; the general sympathy; confound . . . his own feelings with theirs; disgusting.

2. Re-read the last three or four lines of the passage. What is the precise distinction between "Fancy" and "Imagination"?

3. Suggest a title for this passage, and then give a title to each of the paragraphs.

4. The passage opens with four questions. How are these related to the rest of the passage?

5. Enumerate the qualities which, according to Wordsworth, distinguish the poet from other men.

6. In the first paragraph Wordsworth speaks of "a disposition to be affected more than other men by absent things as if they were present". Can you quote or refer to any of his own poems which would supply an example of this?

7. What, briefly, is the theory of poetic diction advanced by Wordsworth in the second paragraph?

8. The word "passions" is used several times in this extract. What does Wordsworth mean by this word?

9. How far, from your reading of Wordsworth's poetry, do you think that he substantiates his own theories?

10. What observations have you to make on the prose style of Wordsworth as exemplified in this passage?

11. Write a précis, in about 150 words, of the subject-matter of these two paragraphs.

XXV

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

I WILL arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build me there, of clay and wattles made ;
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping
slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket
sings ;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore ;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

W. B. YEATS

QUESTIONS

1. What does Yeats mean us to understand by the following phrases? The bee-loud glade ; peace comes dropping slow ; the deep heart's core.

2. Paraphrase line 6. What is meant by " the *veils* of the morning " ? Why is this word used ?

3. How would you describe the atmosphere of this poem ?

4. Though this purports to be a description of the "lake isle", few actual objects or natural features are mentioned. The picture depends chiefly upon impression, and the appeal is to the senses. What are the two main media that Yeats uses to create this impressionist picture?

5. Comment upon the poet's use of alliteration, vowel-sounds, onomatopoeia, rhythm, etc., as a means of gaining his sensuous effects.

6. Compare this picture of a peaceful island with the description of nightfall given in the first few stanzas of Gray's *Elegy* (see page 55). What resemblances and what differences do you find,

(a) In general atmosphere and impression?

(b) In the treatment of the theme?

7. Write an appreciation of this poem.

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XXVI

CONCERNING Louis the Fourteenth himself, the world seems at last to have formed a correct judgment. He was not a great general ; he was not a great statesman ; but he was, in one sense of the words, a great king. Never was there so consummate a master of what our James the First would have called kingcraft—of all those arts which most advantageously display the merits of a prince, and most completely hide his defects. Though his internal administration was bad,—though the military triumphs which gave splendour to the early part of his reign were not achieved by himself,—though his later years were crowded with defeats and humiliations,—though he was so ignorant that he scarcely understood the Latin of his mass-book,—though he fell under the control of a cunning Jesuit and of a more cunning old woman,—he succeeded in passing himself off on his people as a being above humanity. And this is the more extraordinary because he did not seclude himself from the public gaze like those Oriental despots whose faces are never seen, and whose very names it is a crime to pronounce lightly. It has been said that no man is a hero to his valet ;—and all the world saw as much of Louis the Fourteenth as his valet could see. Five hundred people assembled to see him shave and put on his breeches in the morning. He then kneeled down at the side of his bed, and said his prayer while the whole assembly awaited the end in solemn silence—the ecclesiastics on their knees, and the laymen with their hats before their faces. He walked about his gardens with a train

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of two hundred courtiers at his heels. All Versailles came to see him dine and sup. He was put to bed at night in the midst of a crowd as great as that which had met to see him rise in the morning. He took his very emetics in state, and vomited majestically in the presence of all the *grandes* and *petites entrées*. Yet, though he constantly exposed himself to the public gaze in situations in which it is scarcely possible for any man to preserve much personal dignity, he to the last impressed those who surrounded him with the deepest awe and reverence. The illusion which he produced on his worshippers can be compared only to those illusions to which lovers are proverbially subject during the season of courtship. It was an illusion which affected even the senses. The contemporaries of Louis thought him tall. Voltaire, who might have seen him, and who had lived with some of the most distinguished members of his court, speaks repeatedly of his majestic stature. Yet it is as certain as any fact can be that he was rather below than above the middle size. He had, it seems, a way of holding himself, a way of walking, a way of swelling his chest and rearing his head, which deceived the eyes of the multitude. Eighty years after his death, the royal cemetery was violated by the revolutionists; his coffin was opened; his body was dragged out; and it appeared that the prince, whose majestic figure had been so long and loudly extolled, was in truth a little man. That fine expression of Juvenal is singularly applicable, both in its literal and in its metaphorical sense, to Louis the Fourteenth :

“ Mors sola fatetur
Quantula sint hominum corpuscula.” ¹

MACAULAY

¹ Death alone proclaims how small are our poor human bodies. (Juvenal, Satire x, lines 172-3).

QUESTIONS

1. Explain the following phrases: so consummate a master; above humanity.

2. "He was a great king." Pick out one sentence which explains more fully the implications of this assertion.

3. What two aspects of Louis' life and character are contrasted in this passage?

4. The essential facts about Louis XIV mentioned in this passage are very few and very simple; the greater part of the paragraph is concerned with illustrating, emphasising and re-enforcing these few points. What methods does the author employ for this purpose?

5. What comments have you to offer on Macaulay's style? Compare it with the style of the passage by Ruskin on pages 83-84.

6. Write a précis of the paragraph, about one-third of the length of the original.

XXVII

(a)

NEAR to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display ;
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray,
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
Do learning's little tenement betray ;
Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield :
Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the harebell that adorns the field ;
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen strays ; with anxious fear entwined,
With dark distrust and sad repentance filled ;
And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,
And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind.

A russett stole was o'er her shoulders thrown ;
A russett kirtle fenced the nipping air ;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own ;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair !
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare ;
And sooth to say, her pupils ranged around,

Through pious awe did term it passing rare ;
 For they in gaping wonderment abound,
 And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit no flattery did corrupt her truth,
 No pompous title did debauch her ear ;
 Goody, good woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
 Or dame the sole additions she did hear ;
 Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear ;
 Ne would esteem him act as mought behove
 Who should not honoured eld with these revere ;
 For never title yet so mean could prove,
 But there was eke a mind which did that little love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
 The plodding pattern of the busy dame ;
 Which ever and anon, impelled by need,
 Into her school, begirt with chickens came ;
 Such favour did her past deportment claim ;
 And if neglect did lavish on the ground
 Fragments of bread, she would collect the same ;
 For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
 What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak,
 That in her garden sipped the silvery dew ;
 Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak,
 But herbs for use and physic, not a few,
 Of gray renown, within those borders grew :
 The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
 Fresh balm and marigold of cheerful hue ;
 The lowly gill, that never dares to climb ;
 And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

(b)

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

Did ye not hear it?—No ; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined ;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
But nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar.

Within a windowed nich of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear ;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell :
He rushed into the field, and foremost fighting fell.

(c)

ST. AGNES' EVE—ah, bitter chill it was!
 The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold ;
 The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
 And silent was the flock in woolly fold :
 Numb were the beadsman's fingers while he told
 His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
 Like pious incense from a censer old,
 Seem'd taking flight for heaven without a death,
 Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man ;
 Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
 And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
 Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees :
 The sculptured dead, on each side, seem to freeze
 Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails :
 Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
 He passeth by, and his weak spirit fails,
 To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
 And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
 Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor.
 But no—already had his death-bell rung ;
 The joys of all his life were said and sung ;
 His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve :
 Another way he went, and soon among
 Rough ashes sat for his soul's reprieve,
 And all night kept awake, for sinner's sake to grieve.

QUESTIONS

1. The above extracts provide examples of the use of the same stanza-form by three different poets. What stanza-form is it and why is it so called?

2. What impression does each of these three writers seek to create? Examine the methods employed by Shenstone, Byron and Keats respectively to produce the desired effect.

3. All three of these passages are very largely descriptive. How does Shenstone's description differ from that of Keats?

4. What is the function of the Alexandrine in the stanzas of Byron? Do the other two poets use it for the same purpose?

5. As has been said in the first question, all three of the poets here represented use the same stanza form, *i.e.* eight iambic pentameter lines, followed by an Alexandrine. Yet within this general frame-work the technique of the three differs considerably. What are the chief differences that you note between them? How far do you feel that these give distinctive qualities to each of the three extracts?

6. Which of the poets do you consider has best caught the spirit of Spenser? Give reasons for your opinion.

7. To what particular faculty or sense does each poet make his appeal?

8. Which extract do you consider the best poetry? Why?

9. What distinctive features characterise the diction of these three poets?

10. Using the material adduced by the above questions, and supplementing it with any other relevant observations, write an essay comparing and contrasting these excerpts.

XXVIII

Shakespeare with his excellences has likewise faults, and faults sufficient to obscure and overwhelm any other merit. I shall shew them in the proportion in which they appear to me, without envious malignity or superstitious veneration. No question can be more innocently discussed than a dead poet's pretensions to renown; and little regard is due to that bigotry which sets candour higher than truth.

His first defect is that to which may be imputed most of the evil in books or in men. He sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral purpose. From his writings indeed a system of social duty may be selected, for he that thinks reasonably must think morally; but his precepts and axioms drop casually from him; he makes no just distribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to shew in the virtuous a disapprobation of the wicked; he carries his persons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the close dismisses them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue independent on time or place.

The plots are often so loosely formed, that a very slight consideration may improve them, and so carelessly pursued, that he seems not always fully to comprehend his own design. He omits opportunities of instructing or delighting which the train of his story seems to force upon him, and

apparently rejects those exhibitions which would be more affecting, for the sake of those which are more easy.

It may be observed, that in many of his plays the latter part is evidently neglected. When he found himself near the end of his work, and in view of his reward, he shortened the labour, to snatch the profit. He therefore remits his efforts where he should most vigorously exert them, and his catastrophe is improbably produced or imperfectly represented.

JOHNSON

QUESTIONS

1. Explain what Johnson means by the following words and phrases : envious malignity ; superstitious veneration ; candour ; he sacrifices virtue to convenience ; a system of social duty ; the train of his story ; catastrophe.

2. Johnson brings three main charges against Shakespeare as a dramatist. Enumerate them in a short sentence each.

3. What, do you infer, are the chief excellences of a play in the eyes of Dr. Johnson?

4. Take any play which you have studied recently and apply the Johnsonian canons to it. Do you think Johnson would approve or condemn it, and on what grounds?

5. What observations have you to make on :

(a) Johnson's style?

(b) His method of criticism?

6. Summarise the main purport of this passage in your own words.

XXIX

IN ME TWO WORLDS

IN me two worlds at war
Trample the patient flesh,
This lighted ring of sense where clinch
Heir and ancestor.

This moving point of dust,
Where past and future meet,
Traces their battle-line and shows
Each thrust and counter-thrust.

The armies of the dead
Are trenched within my bones,
My blood's their semaphore, their wings
Are watchers overhead.

Their captains stand at ease
As on familiar ground ;
The veteran longings of the heart
Serve them for mercenaries.

Conscious of power and pride
Imperially they move
To pacify an unsettled zone—
The life for which they died.

But see, from vision's height
 March down the men to come,
 And in my body rebel cells
 Look forward to the fight.

The insolence of the dead
 Breaks on their solid front :
 They tap my nerves for power, my veins
 To stain their banners red.

These have the spirit's range,
 The measure of the mind :
 Out of the dawn their fire comes fast
 To conquer and to change.

So heir and ancestor
 Pursue the inveterate feud,
 Making my senses' darkened fields
 A theatre of war.

C. DAY LEWIS

QUESTIONS

1. Why does the poet describe himself as,
 " This lighted ring of sense where clinch
 Heir and ancestor " ?
2. What are the two worlds at war? Express in one sentence of your own the main theme of the poem.
3. " The armies of the dead
 Are trenched within my bones."

What does the poet mean by this?
4. Much of this poem is figurative. Take each stanza in turn and make sure you understand all that is implied in it.

5. What is a conceit? Find examples from this poem, and explain the significance and appropriateness (or inappropriateness) of each.

6. Which do you consider the most picturesque or the most expressive stanza in the poem?

7. Select two stanzas which bring out fairly clearly the prevailing characteristics of the past and the future respectively, as they find expression in the poet's consciousness.

8. What qualities stamp this as a typically "modern" poem?

9. Have you anything further to offer in criticism or appreciation of the piece?

XXX

HAVING then faithfully listened to the great teachers, that you may enter into their Thoughts, you have yet this higher advance to make ;—you have to enter into their Hearts. As you go to them first for clear sight, so you must stay with them that you may share at last their just and mighty Passion. Passion, or “ sensation ”. I am not afraid of the word ; still less of the thing. You have heard many outcries against sensation lately ; but, I can tell you, it is not less sensation we want, but more. The ennobling difference between one man and another,—between one animal and another,—is precisely in this, that one feels more than another. If we were sponges, perhaps sensation might not be easily got for us ; if we were earth-worms, liable at every instant to be cut in two by the spade, perhaps too much sensation might not be good for us. But, being human creatures, *it is* good for us ; nay, we are only human in so far as we are sensitive, and our honour is precisely in proportion to our passion.

You know I said of that great and pure society of the dead, that it would allow “ no vain or vulgar person to enter there ”. What do you think I meant by a “ vulgar ” person? What do you yourselves mean by “ vulgarity ”? You will find it a fruitful subject of thought ; but, briefly, the essence of all vulgarity lies in want of sensation. Simple and innocent vulgarity is merely an untrained and undeveloped bluntness of body and mind ; but in true inbred vulgarity, there is a deathful callousness, which, in extremity,

becomes capable of every sort of bestial habit and crime, without fear, without pleasure, without horror, and without pity. It is in the blunt hand and the dead heart, in the diseased habit, in the hardened conscience, that men become vulgar; they are for ever vulgar, precisely in proportion as they are incapable of sympathy,—of quick understanding,—of all that, in deep insistence on the common, but most accurate term, may be called the “tact” or touch-faculty of body and soul: that tact which the *Mimosa* has in trees, which the pure woman has above all creatures;—fineness and fullness of sensation, beyond reason;—the guide and sanctifier of reason itself. Reason can but determine what is true:—it is the God-given passion of humanity which alone can recognize what God has made good.

RUSKIN

QUESTIONS

1. Explain what Ruskin means by the following terms: sensation; passion; the great and pure society of the dead.
2. Elucidate the following two statements of Ruskin, in order to bring out his meaning clearly.
 - (a) We are only human in so far as we are sensitive.
 - (b) The essence of all vulgarity lies in want of sensation.
3. Distinguish between “entering into the thoughts”, and “entering into the hearts” of the great teachers. Do you think that the distinction Ruskin makes is legitimate?
4. The writer also sees a difference between “simple and innocent vulgarity” and “true inbred vulgarity”. Explain the difference.
5. Compare this piece from Ruskin with that from Hazlitt

given on page 120. Can you find anything in common between the thought of the two writers?

6. What, judging from this passage, would you say were the chief qualities of Ruskin's prose style? Compare it with the style of Macaulay on pages 70-71. Which do you prefer?

7. Write a *précis* of this passage in about 125 words.

XXXI

(The following is the famous invocation to Light, which opens the third book of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Book II has told of the debate of the Devils in Pandemonium and of Satan's departure from Hell on a journey to the Earth. Now the poet turns from the darkness of Hell to the light of Heaven.)

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born! 1
 Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam
 May I express thee unblamed?—since God is light,
 And never but in unapproached light
 Dwelt from eternity. . . . Before the Sun, 5
 Before the Heavens, thou wert, and at the voice
 Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless Infinite!
 Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing, 10
 Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne
 With other notes than the Orphean Lyre
 I sung of Chaos and Eternal Night, 15
 Taught by the Heavenly Muse to venture down
 The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
 Though hard and rare. Thee I re-visit safe,
 And feel thy sovereign vital Lamp; but thou
 Re-visitest not these eyes, that roll in vain 20
 To find the piercing ray, and find no dawn;

So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill, 25
Smit with the love of sacred song.

MILTON

(Passage set by the Northern Joint Board, Higher School Certificate Examination, 1935.)

QUESTIONS

1. Explain the following words and phrases: The Stygian pool; utter darkness; the Orphean Lyre; so thick a drop.
2. Re-read lines 5-9, which deal with the creation of Light. To what source is the poet obviously indebted?
3. Lines 19-23 have a personal application for Milton. Explain it.
4. To what is the reference in lines 10-18?
5. Comment on Milton's diction and his use of blank verse in this passage.
6. Paraphrase the extract, using as simple language as possible and clarifying all obscurities in the original.

XXXII

(The following is an extract from Swift's essay *Against Abolishing Christianity*, a satirical reply to the numerous so-called free-thinkers of the early eighteenth century.)

HAVING considered the most important objections against Christianity, and the chief advantages proposed by the abolishing thereof, I shall now, with equal deference and submission to wiser judgements, as before, proceed to mention a few inconveniences that may happen if the gospel should be repealed, which perhaps the projectors may not have sufficiently considered.

And first, I am very sensible how much the gentlemen of wit and pleasure are apt to murmur, and be choqued at the sight of so many daggie-tailed parsons who happen to fall in their way and offend their eyes. But at the same time these wise reformers do not consider what an advantage and felicity it is for great wits to be always provided with objects of scorn and contempt, in order to exercise and improve their talents and divert their spleen from falling on each other or on themselves; especially when all this may be done without the least imaginable danger to their persons.

And to urge another argument of a parallel nature; if Christianity were once abolished, how could the free-thinkers, the strong reasoners and the men of profound learning be able to find another subject so calculated in all points whereon to display their abilities? What wonderful productions of wit should we be deprived of from those whose genius, by continual practice, has been wholly turned upon

raillery and invectives against religion, and would therefore never be able to shine or distinguish themselves upon any other subject! We are daily complaining of the great decline of wit among us, and would we take away the greatest, perhaps the only topic we have left? Who would ever have suspected Asgil for a wit or Toland for a Philosopher if the inexhaustible stock of Christianity had not been at hand to provide them with materials? What other subject, through all art or nature, could have produced Tindal for a profound author or furnished him with readers? It is the wise choice of the subject that alone adorns and distinguishes the writer. For had a hundred such pens as these been employed on the side of religion, they would immediately have sunk into silence and oblivion.

Nor do I think it wholly groundless, or my fears altogether imaginary, that abolishing Christianity may perhaps bring the Church into danger, or at least put the senate to the trouble of another securing vote. I desire I may not be mistaken; I am far from presuming to affirm or think that the Church is in danger at present, or as things now stand; but we know not how soon it may be so when the Christian religion is repealed. As plausible as the project seems, there may a dangerous design lurk under it. Nothing can be more notorious than the Atheists, Deists, Socinians, Anti-trinitarians and other sub-divisions of free-thinkers are persons of little zeal for the present ecclesiastical establishment; their declared opinion is for repealing the sacramental test; they are very indifferent with regard to ceremonies; nor do they hold the *jus divinum* of episcopacy; therefore this may be intended as one of the politic steps towards altering the constitution of the Church established and setting up Presbytery in the stead, which I leave to be farther considered by those at the helm.

In the last place I think nothing can be more plain than that, by this expedient, we shall run into the evil we chiefly pretend to avoid and that the abolishment of the Christian religion will be the readiest course we can take to introduce Popery. And I am the more inclined to this opinion because we know it has been the constant practice of the Jesuits to send over emissaries with instructions to personate themselves members of the several prevailing sects among us. So it is recorded that they have at sundry times appeared in the disguise of Presbyterians, Anabaptists, Independents and Quakers, according as any of these were most in credit ; so, since the fashion has been taken up of exploding religion, the Popish missionaries have not been wanting to mix with the free-thinkers ; among whom Toland, the great oracle of the Anti-christians, is an Irish priest, the son of an Irish priest ; and the most learned and ingenious author of a book called *The Rights of the Christian Church*, was in a proper juncture reconciled to the Romish faith, whose true son, as appears by a hundred passages in his treatise, he still continues. Perhaps I could add some others to the number, but the fact is beyond dispute, and the reasoning they proceed by is right ; for supposing Christianity to be extinguished, the people will never be at ease till they find out some other method of worship, which will as infallibly produce superstition, as superstition will end in popery.

SWIFT

QUESTIONS

1. Explain the meaning of the following terms used by Swift : projectors ; sensible ; spleen ; another securing vote ; the sacramental test ; the *jus divinum* of episcopacy ; in a proper juncture.

2. Find out who the following persons and sects were, if you do not already know: Asgil; Tindal; Toland; Atheists; Deists; Socinians; Anti-trinitarians; Presbyterians; Anabaptists; Independents; Quakers.

3. Enumerate the arguments Swift advances against the suppression of Christianity. Express each of them in a brief and clear sentence of your own.

4. Can you discern any definite method or principle underlying the paragraph-structure in this passage? What other method might have been used? Which do you consider is the best suited to this particular type of subject?

5. Into what category of prose-writing would you put this piece (*e.g.* narrative, descriptive, expository, etc.)?

6. In what spirit does Swift treat his subject? Compare or contrast the spirit of this passage with that of any other of Swift's writings with which you are familiar.

7. Can you think of any modern writer whose mood is akin to that of Swift in this passage? Point out the resemblances between the two and also any differences.

8. Examine the order in which Swift places his arguments. Suppose this order had been reversed, would it have made any difference to the effectiveness of the passage as a whole?

9. Enumerate the devices of style and expression (in addition to those elicited by the above questions) which Swift employs to lend greater persuasive power to his writing.

10. Have you any other observations to make on the style etc., of this piece?

11. Using the material you have collected in answering the foregoing questions, and adding anything else you consider relevant, write a critical or appreciative essay on this passage.

XXXIII

(a)

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring.

SHAKESPEARE

(b)

WHEN the wasting embers redden the chimney breast,
 And Life's bare pathway looms like a desert track to me,
 And from hall and parlour the living have gone to their rest,
 The perished people who housed them here come back to me.

They come and seat them around in their mouldy places,
 Now and then bending toward me a glance of wistfulness,
 A strange upbraiding smile upon all their faces,
 And in the bearing of each a passive tristfulness.

"Do you uphold me, lingering and languishing here,
 A pale late plant of your once strong stock?" I say to
 them;

"A thinker of crooked thoughts upon life in the sere,
 And on That which consigns men to night after showing
 the day to them?"

"—O let be the Wherefore! We fevered our years not thus :
 Take of life what it grants without question!" they answer
 me seemingly.

"Enjoy, suffer, wait : spread the table here freely like us,
 And, satisfied, placid, unfretting, watch Time away
 beamingly!"

THOMAS HARDY

(Passages set by the Northern Joint Board, Higher School
 Certificate Examination, 1936.)

QUESTIONS

1. Read the above two poems carefully. Shakespeare compares Life to a flower, Hardy to a desert track. What is implied in each of these similes?

2. How would you describe the philosophy of Shakespeare and Hardy respectively?

3. In spite of these differences, can you see anything at all in common between the thought of these two pieces?

4. Show how the technique of each of these poems is suited to the philosophy it expresses.

XXXIV

ON the greatest and most useful of all human inventions, the invention of alphabetical writing, Plato did not look with much complacency. He seems to have thought that the use of letters had operated on the human mind as the use of the go-cart in learning to walk, or of corks in learning to swim, is said to operate on the human body. It was a support which, in his opinion, soon became indispensable to those who used it, which made vigorous exertion first unnecessary and then impossible. The powers of the intellect would, he conceived, have been more fully developed without this delusive aid. Men would have been compelled to exercise the understanding and the memory, and, by deep and assiduous meditation, to make truth thoroughly their own. Now, on the contrary, much knowledge is traced on paper, but little is engraved in the soul. A man is certain that he can find information at a moment's notice when he wants it. He therefore suffers it to fade from his mind. Such a man cannot in strictness be said to know anything. He has the show without the reality of wisdom. These opinions Plato has put into the mouth of an ancient King of Egypt. But it is evident from the context that they are his own; and so they were understood to be by Quintilian.¹ Indeed, they are in complete accordance with the whole Platonic system.

Bacon's views, as may easily be supposed, were widely

¹ An eminent Roman rhetorician and teacher of the latter part of the first century A.D.

different. The powers of the memory, he observes, without the help of writing, can do little towards the advancement of any useful science. He acknowledges that the memory may be disciplined to such a point as to be able to perform very extraordinary feats. But on such feats he sets little value. The habits of his mind, he tells us, are such that he is not disposed to rate highly any accomplishment, however rare, which is of no practical use to mankind. As to these prodigious achievements of the memory, he ranks them with the exhibitions of rope-dancers and tumblers. "These two performances", he says, "are much of the same sort. The one is an abuse of the powers of the body; the other is an abuse of the powers of the mind. Both may perhaps excite our wonder; but neither is entitled to our respect."

To Plato, the science of medicine appeared to be of very disputable advantages. He did not indeed object to quick cures for acute disorders, or for injuries produced by accidents. But the art which resists the slow sap of a chronic disease, which repairs frames enervated by lust, swollen by gluttony, or inflamed by wine, which encourages sensuality by mitigating the natural punishment of the sensualist, and prolongs existence when the intellect has ceased to retain its entire energy, had no share of his esteem. A life protracted by medical skill he pronounced to be a long death. The exercise of the art of medicine ought, he said, to be tolerated, so far as that art may serve to cure the occasional distempers of men whose constitutions are good. As to those who have bad constitutions, let them die; and the sooner the better. Such men are unfit for war, for magistracy, for the management of their domestic affairs, for severe study and speculation. If they engage in any vigorous mental exercise, they are troubled with giddiness and fulness of the head, all which they lay to the account of philosophy. The best thing that can happen to

such wretches is to have done with life at once. He quotes mythical authority in support of his doctrine ; and he reminds his disciples that the practice of the sons of Aesculapius, as described by Homer, extended only to the cure of external injuries.

Far different was the philosophy of Bacon. Of all the sciences, that which he seems to have regarded with the greatest interest was the science which, in Plato's opinion, would not be tolerated in a well-regulated community. To make men perfect was no part of Bacon's plan. His humble aim was to make imperfect men comfortable. The beneficence of his philosophy resembled the beneficence of the common Father, whose sun rises on the evil and the good, whose rain descends for the just and the unjust. In Plato's opinion man was made for philosophy; in Bacon's opinion philosophy was made for man ; it was a means to an end ; and that end was to increase the pleasures and mitigate the pains of millions who are not and cannot be philosophers. That a valetudinarian who took great pleasure in being wheeled along his terrace, who relished his boiled chicken and his weak wine and water, and who enjoyed a hearty laugh over the *Queen of Navarre's Tales* should be treated as a *caput lupinum* because he could not read the *Timaeus* ¹ without a headache, was a notion which the humane spirit of the English school of wisdom altogether rejected. Bacon would not have thought it beneath the dignity of a philosopher to contrive an improved garden-chair for such a valetudinarian, to devise some way of rendering his medicines more palatable, to invent repasts which he might enjoy, and pillows on which he might sleep soundly ; and this though there might not be the smallest hope that the mind of the poor invalid would ever rise to the contemplation of the ideal beautiful and the ideal good. As Plato had cited the reli-

¹ Dialogues of Plato.

gious legends of Greece to justify his contempt for the more recondite parts of the art of healing, Bacon vindicated the dignity of that art by appealing to the example of Christ, and reminded men that the great Physician of the soul did not disdain to be also the physician of the body.

MACAULAY

QUESTIONS

1. Explain the meaning of the following words and phrases: the delusive aid; assiduous meditations; any useful science; a chronic disease; frames enervated by lust; fulness of the head; the sons of Aesculapius; a valetudinarian; a *caput lupinum*.

2. Who were Plato and Bacon?

3. Express in one carefully worded sentence of your own the grounds of

(a) Plato's objection to the practice of writing.

(b) Bacon's justification of it.

4. In the same way express in one sentence:

(a) Plato's attitude to medicine.

(b) Bacon's attitude.

5. On what grounds did Plato hold that the constitutionally weak should be allowed to die?

6. Compare the first and the third paragraphs. Can you discern any resemblance or connection between Plato's attitude to writing and to medicine?

7. Is there any similar connection between Bacon's attitude to the two subjects?

8. At the end of the first paragraph Macaulay declares that Plato's view of writing was "in complete accordance with the whole Platonic system". The same might also

be said of his view of medicine. What was the Platonic system here referred to? Show how the views here described were the natural outcome of this system and "in complete accordance" with it.

9. Pick out one sentence (from paragraph 4) which summarises the essential difference between Plato's and Bacon's conception of philosophy, and explain clearly what is implied in it.

10. Examine Macaulay's use of (a) Analogy; (b) Contrast.

11. The extract on page 70 is also by Macaulay. Compare the styles of the two. What differences do you note? Can you find any reason for them?

XXXV

(This extract from Keats' poem *The Eve of St. Agnes* describes how the maiden Madeline goes early to bed on St. Agnes' Eve, believing that she will see a vision of her lover if she performs certain rites ; for so runs an old superstition. Meanwhile Porphyro, who is in love with her, has actually come to the house and secreted himself in a closet adjoining her bed-chamber.)

OUT went the taper as she hurried in ;
 Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died :
 She closed the door, she panted, all akin
 To spirits of the air, and visions wide :
 No uttered syllable, or woe betide !
 But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
 Paining with eloquence her balmy side ;
 As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
 Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arched there was,
 All garlanded with carven imageries,
 Of fruits and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
 Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
 As are the tiger-moth's deep damask'd wings ;
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
 And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
 A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
 And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
 As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon ;
 Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
 And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
 And on her hair a glory, like a saint :
 She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
 Save wings, for Heaven :—Porphyro grew faint :
 She knelt so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives : her vespers done,
 Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees ;
 Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one ;
 Loosens her fragrant bodice ; by degrees
 Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees :
 Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
 Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
 In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
 But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
 In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,
 Until the poppi'd warmth of sleep oppress'd
 Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away ;
 Flown, like a thought, until the morrow day ;
 Blissfully havened both from joy and pain ;
 Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray
 Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
 As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

QUESTIONS

1. What impression of Madeline does Keats give us? What of the room?
2. Comment on the similes used in this extract.
3. Pick out any words or phrases that you consider particularly effective and say why they appeal to you or what particular poetic qualities they seem to possess.
4. What atmosphere is created in these stanzas? Enumerate some of the means by which Keats produces this impression, and give illustrations.
5. To what particular faculty of the mind (*e.g.* the reason the feeling, etc.) do these stanzas appeal? Do you know of any other poems by the same author which appeal in the same way?
6. What other poet has employed the same stanza form? Compare (or contrast) his use of it with that of Keats.

XXXVI

COMEDY consists, though of low persons, yet of natural actions and characters; I mean such humours, adventures and designs as are to be found and met with in the world. Farce, on the other side, consists of forced humours and unnatural events. Comedy presents us with the imperfections of human nature; Farce entertains us with what is monstrous and chimerical. The one causes laughter in those who can judge of men and manners, by the lively representation of their folly and corruption: the other produces the same effect in those who can judge of neither, and that only by its extravagances. The first works on the judgement and fancy; the latter on the fancy only. There is more satisfaction in the former kind of laughter, and in the latter more of scorn. But how it happens that an impossible adventure should cause such mirth I cannot easily imagine. Something there may be in the oddness of it, because on the stage it is the common effect of things unexpected to surprise us into a delight; and that is to be ascribed to the strange appetite, as I may call it, of the fancy, which, like that of a longing woman, often runs into the most extravagant desires. In short, there is the same difference betwixt Farce and Comedy as betwixt an empiric and a true physician: both of them may attain their ends, but what one performs by hazard the other does by skill. And as the artist is often unsuccessful, while the mountebank succeeds, so farces more commonly take the people than comedies. For to write unnatural things is the most probable way of pleasing them who under-

stand not nature. And a true poet often misses of applause because he cannot debase himself to write so ill as to please his audience.

DRYDEN

(Passage set by the Northern Joint Board, Higher School Certificate Examination, 1937.)

QUESTIONS

1. In what sense does Dryden use the word "humours" in this passage? Do you know of any other author who employs it with a similar significance?

2. Explain the phrases: *low* persons; *forced* humours; monstrous and chimerical; a *lively* representation; an empiric; the mountebank.

3. One can only appreciate the point which Dryden makes in this extract by understanding first of all what he means by the terms "fancy" and "judgement". Explain these terms as clearly as you can.

4. Express in two carefully worded sentences what Dryden considered the essential characteristics of comedy and farce respectively.

5. Which of these two did he consider the higher type of drama? Why?

6. Examine the style of this passage from the point of view of paragraph-development, sentence-structure, diction, figures of speech, clarity, forcefulness, and any other aspects which you consider relevant or appropriate.

XXXVII

Two principles in human nature reign ;
Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain ;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all :
And to their proper operation still,
Ascribe all good ; to their improper ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul ;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And but for this were active to no end : '
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagatē and rot :
Or meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroyed.
Most strength the moving principle requires ;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Formed but to check, deliberate and advise.
Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh ;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie :
That sees immediate good by present sense ;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend ;
Reason still use, to reason still attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains :

Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains.
 Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
 More studious to divide than to unite ;
 And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
 With all the rash dexterity of wit.
 Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
 Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
 Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
 Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire ;
 But greedy that its object would devour,
 This taste the honey, and not wound the flower :
 Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
 Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

POPE

QUESTIONS

1. Explain the following phrases, bringing out as clearly as possible the significance Pope attaches to them in this passage: to urge; to restrain; their proper operation; acts the soul; his peculiar spot; reason *still* use; subtle schoolmen.

2. Paraphrase the lines :

- (a) Man, but for that, no action could attend,
 And but for this were active to no end.
- (b) That sees immediate good by present sense.
- (c) Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
 Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire.

3. Distinguish the two "principles in human nature" mentioned by Pope. What are the specific characteristics of each?

4. What observations have you to make on Pope's use of the heroic couplet measure?

5. Study this passage from the point of view of

(a) The use of contrast.

(b) The use of balance.

What is the general effect of these two devices?

6. What other notable characteristics of Pope's style strike you?

7. If you were asked to classify this passage according to the subject-matter (*i.e.* narrative, descriptive, emotive, etc.) into what class would you put it?

8. Suppose you were asked to classify it according to style and technique, would you call it classic, neo-classic or romantic? Give reasons.

9. It has been said by several critics that the *Essay on Man*, from which this passage is taken, would have been better written in prose. Do you agree with this criticism so far as the present passage is concerned? Give reasons for your answer.

10. Write a brief appreciative or critical essay on this extract.

XXXVIII

(The following is an extract from Burke's indictment of Warren Hastings on a charge of corrupt practices while holding a position of trust and responsibility in India.)

THE orders of the East India Company have forbidden their servants to take any extraneous emoluments. The Act of Parliament has fulminated against them. Clear, positive laws and clear, positive private engagements have no exception of circumstance in them, no difference of more or less ; but everyone who offends against the law is liable to the law. The consequence is this : he who has deviated but one inch from the straight line, he who has taken but one penny of unlawful emolument (and all have taken many pennies of unlawful emolument) does not dare to complain of the most abandoned extortion and cruel oppression in any of his fellow servants. He who has taken a trifle, perhaps as the reward of a good action, is obliged to be silent, when he sees whole nations desolated around him. The great criminal at the head of the service has the laws in his hand ; he is always able to prove the small offence and crush the person who has committed it. This is one grand source of Mr. Hastings' power. No complaint from any part of the service has appeared against Mr. Hastings. He is bold enough to state it as one presumption of his merit that there has been no such complaint. No such complaint, indeed, can exist. The spirit of the corps would of itself almost forbid it—to which spirit an informer is the most odious and detestable of

all characters and is hunted down and has always been hunted down, as a common enemy. But here is a new security. Who can complain, or dares to accuse? The whole service is irregular : nobody is free from small offences ; and as I have said, the great offender can always crush the small one.

If you examine the correspondence of Mr. Hastings you would imagine, from many expressions very deliberately used by him, that the Company's service was made out of the very filth and dregs of human corruption ; but if you examine his conduct towards the corrupt body he describes, you would imagine he had lived in the speculative schemes of visionary perfection. He was fourteen years at the head of that service, and there is not an instance, no, not one single instance, in which he endeavoured to detect corruption, or that he ever, in any one single instance, attempted to punish it ; but the whole service, with that whole mass of enormity which he attributes to it, slept, as it were, at once under his terror and his protection ; under his protection if they did not dare to move against him ; under terror, from his power to pluck out individuals and make a public example of them whenever he thought fit. And therefore that service, under his guidance and influence, was, beyond even what its own nature disposed it to, a service of confederacy, a service of connivance, a service composed of various systems of guilt, of which Mr. Hastings was the head and protector. But this general connivance he did not think sufficient to secure to him the general support of the Indian interest. He went further. We shall prove to your Lordships that, when the Company were driven by shame, not by inclination, to order several prosecutions against delinquents in their service, Mr. Hastings, directly contrary to the duty of his office, directly contrary to the express and positive law of the Court of Directors, which law Parliament

had bound upon him as his rule of action, not satisfied with his long tacit connivance, ventured, before he left his Government, and among his last acts, to pass a general act of pardon and indemnity, and at once ordered the whole body of prosecutions directed by his masters, the Company, to be discharged.

Having had fourteen years' lease of connivance to bestow, and giving at the end a general release of all suits and actions, he now puts himself at the head of a vast body enriched by his bounties, connivances and indemnities, and expects the support of those whom he had thus fully rewarded and discharged from the pursuit of the laws. You will find, in the course of this business, that, when charges have been brought against him of any bribery, corruption or other malversation, his course has been to answer little or nothing to that specific bribery, corruption or malversation; his way has been to call on the Court of Directors to inquire of every servant who comes to Europe, and to say whether there was any one man in it that will give him an ill word.

BURKE

QUESTIONS

1. What is the meaning of the following words and phrases? extraneous emoluments; fulminated; the speculative schemes of visionary perfection; tacit connivance; malversation.

2. What is the main point of the first paragraph? Of the second? Of the third? Express each in one carefully worded sentence of your own.

3. What adjectives could you apply to the general tone and style of this passage?

4. Burke's object is obviously not to present a reasoned

argument or an impartial examination of the facts, but to make out as strong a case as possible against Warren Hastings and to convince the House of his guilt. Show how the persuasive and suggestive power of his speech is aided by:

- (a) His choice of words.
- (b) His illustrations and analogies.
- (c) The structure of his sentences.
- (d) The structure of his paragraphs.

5. What other devices add to the force and eloquence of his speech?

6. Write a brief appreciation of Burke's prose style in this passage, basing your answer on the information elicited by the above questions and incorporating anything else that is relevant.

7. Write a *précis* of the passage in about 200 words.

XXXIX

(a)

AND half the sky
Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,
Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew
Down the steep into a wondrous hue
Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent
Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent
Among the many folded hills. . . .
And then—as if the earth and sea had been
Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen
Those mountains towering as from waves of flame
Around the vaporous sun, from which there came
The inmost purple spirit of light, and made
Their very peaks transparent.

SHELLEY

(b)

A LATE lark twitters from the quiet skies ;
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, grey city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
 In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
 Shine, and are changed. In the valley
 Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun
 Closing his benediction
 Sinks, and the darkening air
 Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
 Night with her train of stars
 And her great gift of sleep.

W. E. HENLEY

(Passages set by the Northern Joint Board, Higher School Certificate Examination, 1937.)

QUESTIONS

1. Both of these pieces deal with sunset, but in mood, technique and style they are very different. What is the impression left by Shelley's description? By Henley's?

2. How far do you consider that this difference of impression results from the different types of scenes described?

3. How far is it dependent upon diction, phraseology and metre?

4. Examine the effects of the figures of speech in each of these extracts.

5. There is also a considerable difference in the descriptive methods of the two poets. What is this difference, and what is the effect of each method on the poem for which it is employed?

6. Taking the information elicited by the above questions as a basis, and adding to it any other pertinent observations, write a short essay comparing and contrasting these two poems as examples of different treatments of the same theme.

XL

(The following is an extract from a discussion on the essential difference between the ancient Jewish and the ancient Greek views of life.)

LET me go back for a moment to Bishop Wilson,¹ who says, "First never go against the best light you have ; secondly, take care that your light be not darkness." We show, as a nation, laudable energy and persistence in walking according to the best light we have, but are not quite careful enough, perhaps, to see that our light be not darkness. This is only another version of the old story that energy is our strong point and favourable characteristic rather than intelligence. But we may give to this idea a more general form still, in which it will have a yet larger range of application. We may regard this energy driving at practice, this paramount sense of the obligation of duty, self-control, and work, this earnestness in going manfully with the best light we have, as one force. And we may regard the intelligence driving at those ideas which are, after all, the basis of right practice, the ardent sense for all the new and changing combinations of them which man's development brings with it, the indomitable impulse to know and adjust them perfectly, as another force. And these two forces we may regard as in some sense rivals—rivals not by the necessity of their own nature, but as exhibited in man and his his-

¹ Thomas Wilson (1663-1755), who became Bishop of Sodor and Man in 1697. He published a number of theological and devotional works.

tory—and rivals dividing the empire of the world between them. And to give these forces names from the two races of men who have supplied the most signal and splendid manifestations of them, we may call them respectively the forces of Hebraism and Hellenism. Hebraism and Hellenism—between these two points of influence moves our world. At one time it feels more powerfully the attraction of one of them, at another time of the other; and it ought to be, though it never is, evenly and happily balanced between them.

The final aim of both Hellenism and Hebraism, as of all great spiritual disciplines, is no doubt the same: man's perfection or salvation. . . . Still, they pursue this aim by very different courses. The uppermost idea with Hellenism is to see things as they really are; the uppermost idea with Hebraism is conduct and obedience. Nothing can do away with this ineffaceable difference.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

(Passage set by the Northern Joint Board, Higher School Certificate Examination, 1935.)

QUESTIONS

1. Elaborate and explain more fully Matthew Arnold's definitions of Hellenism and Hebraism given in paragraph 2, to show that you really understand what he implies in them.

2. Study the construction of the first paragraph carefully. How is the quotation from Bishop Wilson, with which it opens, related to the argument which follows?

3. Arnold distinguishes two "forces" operative in human nature: (i) "energy driving at practice", and (ii) "the

intelligence driving at those ideas . . . which are the basis of right practice". What precisely does he mean by these?

4. Does this passage strike you as clear and easy to read, or not? How far do you think the clarity and ease (or otherwise) is due to (a) the subject, (b) the style?

5. Arnold asserts that the world moves constantly between the influences of Hebraism and Hellenism. Illustrate this by reference to history.

6. Write a *précis* of this passage, using the third person.

XLI

MY LAST DUCHESS

THAT'S my last Duchess painted on the wall, 1
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now : Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said 5
"Frà Pandolf" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I) 10
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there ; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek : perhaps 15
Frà Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much", or "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat" : such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough 20
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed ; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast, 25

The dropping of the daylight in the West,
 The bough of cherries some officious fool
 Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
 She rode with round the terrace—all and each
 Would draw from her alike the approving speech, 30
 Or blush, at least. She thanked men,—good! but thanked
 Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
 My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
 With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
 This sort of trifling? Even had you skill 35
 In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
 Quite clear to such a one, and say, "Just this
 Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
 Or there exceed the mark."—and if she let
 Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set 40
 Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
 —E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
 Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no doubt,
 Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
 Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands; 45
 Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
 As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
 The company below, then. I repeat
 The Count your master's known munificence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretence 50
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
 Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity, 55
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

QUESTIONS

1. What do you consider was Browning's aim in writing this poem?

2. Recount briefly, in your own words, the story of the Duchess' fate hinted at by the narrator.

3. What do you gather is the mission on which the ambassador has come to the Duke?

4. What is the value of the sudden transition from one subject to another in line 47?

5. Enumerate the traits of mind and character in the Duke which this passage reveals. Substantiate your statements by quotations from or references to the poem.

6. Browning called this poem a dramatic monologue. Can you justify this description of it?

7. What comments have you to offer on the technique of the poem (*i.e.* the rhyme, rhythm, metre, diction, etc.)?

8. Do you know any other poem of Browning's which would fall into the same category as this? Show what characteristics the two have in common.

9. Write an appreciation or a criticism of this poem.

XLII

It has been said that tragedy purifies the affections by terror and pity. That is, it substitutes imaginary sympathy for mere selfishness. It gives us a high and permanent interest, beyond ourselves, in humanity as such. It raises the great, the remote, and the possible to an equality with the real, the little and the near. It makes man a partaker with his kind. It subdues and softens the stubbornness of his will. It teaches him that there are and have been others like himself, by shewing him as in a glass what they have felt, thought, and done. It opens the chambers of the human heart. It leaves nothing indifferent to us that can affect our common nature. It excites our sensibility by exhibiting the passions wound up to the utmost pitch by the power of imagination or the temptation of circumstances ; and corrects their fatal excesses in ourselves by pointing to the greater extent of sufferings and of crimes to which they have led others. Tragedy creates a balance of the affections. It makes us thoughtful spectators in the lists of life. It is the refiner of the species ; a discipline of humanity. The habitual study of poetry and works of imagination is one part of a well-grounded education. A taste for liberal art is necessary to complete the character of a gentleman. Science alone is hard and mechanical. It exercises the understanding upon things out of ourselves, while it leaves the affections unemployed, or engrossed with our own immediate, narrow interests. *Othello* furnishes an illustration of these remarks. It excites our sympathy in an extraordinary

degree. The moral it conveys has a closer application to the concerns of human life than that of almost any other of Shakespeare's plays. "It comes directly home to the bosoms and business of men." The pathos in *Lear* is indeed more dreadful and overpowering; but it is less natural, and less of every day's occurrence. We have not the same degree of sympathy with the passions described in *Macbeth*. The interest in *Hamlet* is more remote and reflex. That of *Othello* is at once equally profound and affecting.

HAZLITT

QUESTIONS

1. Explain the following words and phrases as employed in the extract: tragedy purifies the affections; sensibility; the temptation of circumstances; a balance of the affections; liberal art; reflex.

2. "It makes man a partaker with his kind." Explain what the writer means by this.

3. Hazlitt uses the word *sympathy* in connection with *Othello*, *pathos* with *Lear*, and *passion* with *Macbeth*. Explain the difference between these terms and show their appropriateness in each case.

4. Express in one sentence of your own Hazlitt's conception of the effect of tragedy upon the spectator or reader.

5. In a brief paragraph criticise or appreciate the style of this passage.

XLIII

(a)

THERE is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies blow ;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow ;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds filled with snow
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still ;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry!

CAMPION

(b)

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes :

Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face ;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

BYRON

QUESTIONS

1. Both of these poems are written in praise of a woman's beauty. Which strikes you as the more sincere? Why?
2. Which is the more definite and concrete in its descriptions? Does this seem to you a merit or a blemish?
3. Contrast Campion's similes and metaphors with those of Byron.
4. How do these poems differ in the conception of womanly beauty they express?
5. Campion's poem is the more lyrical of the two, Byron's the more impressive. How is this difference of effect achieved?
6. Which of these poems seems the more personal and individual? Does either of them seem to you characteristic of a particular type or a particular age of English poetry?
7. Write a short essay, comparing and contrasting these two poems as different treatments of a similar theme.

LET us now consider what a church is. A church, then, I take to be a voluntary society of men, joining themselves together of their own accord in order to the public worshipping of God in such manner as they judge acceptable to Him, and effectual to the salvation of their souls.

I say it is a free and voluntary society. Nobody is born a member of any church ; otherwise the religion of parents would descend unto children by the same right of inheritance as their temporal estates, and everyone would hold his faith by the same tenure he does his lands, than which nothing can be imagined more absurd. Thus, therefore, that matter stands. No man by nature is bound unto any particular church or sect, but everyone joins himself voluntarily to that society in which he believes he has found that profession and worship which is truly acceptable to God. The hope of salvation, as it was the only cause of his entrance into that communion, so it can be the only reason of his stay there. For if afterwards he discover anything either erroneous in the doctrine or incongruous in the worship of that society to which he has joined himself, why should it not be as free for him to go out as it was to enter? No member of a religious society can be tied with any other bonds but what proceed from the certain expectations of eternal life. A church, then, is a society of members voluntarily uniting to that end.

It follows now that we consider what is the power of this church, and unto what laws it is subject.

Forasmuch as no society, how free soever, or upon whatsoever slight occasion instituted, whether of philosophers for learning, of merchants for commerce, or of men of leisure for mutual conversation and discourse, no church or company, I say, can in the least subsist and hold together, but will presently dissolve and break in pieces, unless it be regulated by some laws, and the members all consent to observe some order. Place and time of meeting must be agreed on; rules for admitting and excluding members must be established; distinction of officers, and putting things into a regular course, and such-like, cannot be omitted. But since the joining together of several members into this church-society, as has already been demonstrated, is absolutely free and spontaneous, it necessarily follows that the right of making its laws can belong to none but the society itself; or, at least (which is the same thing), to those whom the society by common consent has authorised thereunto.

Some, perhaps, may object that no such society can be said to be a true church unless it have in it a bishop or presbyter, with ruling authority derived from the very apostles, and continued down to the present times by an uninterrupted succession.

To these I answer: In the first place, let them show me the edict by which Christ has imposed that law upon his Church. And let not any man think me impertinent, if in a thing of this consequence I require that the terms of that edict be very express and positive; for the promise He has made us, that wheresoever two or three are gathered together in His name, He will be in the midst of them, seems to imply the contrary. Whether such an assembly want anything necessary to a true church, pray do you consider. Certain I am that nothing can be there wanting unto the salvation of souls, which is sufficient to our purpose.

Next, pray observe how great have always been the divisions amongst even those who lay so much stress upon the Divine institution and continued succession of a certain order of rulers in the Church. Now, their very dissension unavoidably puts us upon a necessity of deliberating, and, consequently, allows a liberty of choosing that which upon consideration we prefer.

And, in the last place, I consent that these men have a ruler in their church, established by such a long series of succession as they judge necessary, provided I may have liberty at the same time to join myself to that society in which I am persuaded those things are to be found which are necessary to the salvation of my soul. In this manner ecclesiastical liberty will be preserved on all sides, and no man will have a legislator imposed upon him but whom himself has chosen.

LOCKE

QUESTIONS

1. Explain what Locke means by the following words and phrases: temporal estates; authority derived from the very apostles; impertinent.
2. What is the relation of the first paragraph to the second?
3. What, according to Locke, is the motive which prompts people to join themselves to a religious body?
4. How does the author justify his assertion that a church must be a *voluntary* society?
5. What are his replies to the argument that only those bodies which can claim apostolic succession for their dig-

nitaries can legitimately be called Churches? Summarise each one in a brief sentence of your own.

6. In the course of this passage the word "Church" is used in two distinct senses. Distinguish and explain them.

7. Comment on the style of the extract.

XLV

(The following is part of Coleridge's *Ode to Dejection*. The poet stands regarding a full moon on a winter's night. In former years he had been stirred by the beauty of such a sight, but now it only arouses melancholy in his soul, and he falls into the following musings.)

A GRIEF without a pang, void, dark and drear,
 A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
 Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
 In word, or sigh, or tear—
 O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
 To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,
 All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
 Have I been gazing on the western sky,
 And its peculiar tint of yellow green :
 And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!
 And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
 That give away their motion to the stars ;
 Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
 Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen :
 Yon crescent Moon, as fixed as if it grew
 In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue ;
 I see them all so excellently fair,
 I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!

My genial spirits fail ;
 And what can these avail
 To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?

It were a vain endeavour,
 Though I should gaze for ever
 On that green light that lingers in the west :
 I may not hope from outward forms to win
 The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
 And in our life alone does Nature live :
 Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud!
 And would we aught behold of higher worth
 Than that inanimate, cold world allowed
 To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd,
 Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud

Enveloping the Earth—

And from the soul itself there must be sent
 A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element!
 O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
 What this strong music in the soul may be!
 What, and wherein it doth exist,
 This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
 This beautiful and beauty-making power.
 Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given,
 Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
 Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,
 Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,
 Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower
 A new Earth and new Heaven,
 Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—
 Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—
 We in ourselves rejoice!
 And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,

All melodies the echo of that voice,
 All colours a suffusion from that light. COLERIDGE

QUESTIONS

1. Interpret the following lines, bringing out as clearly as possible the idea which Coleridge intended them to convey:

- (a) To other thoughts by yonder throistle woo'd.
- (b) Still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!
- (c) That give away their motion to the stars.
- (d) Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud.
- (e) That inanimate, cold world allowed
 To the poor loveless, ever-anxious crowd.

2. "I see, not feel how beautiful they are." Explain the difference between *seeing* and *feeling* beauty which the poet here implies.

3. Elucidate lines 7-8 of the second stanza. How are they related to the subject of the next stanza?

4. What is the theory of Beauty that Coleridge advances in these verses? Do you know of any other writer who held a similar theory?

5. What is the difference between the mood of the opening stanza and that of the closing one? Can you find any stylistic devices which the author employs in each case to suggest the appropriate mood?

6. Trace out the transition from the one mood to the other.

7. Coleridge had a peculiar gift of making material things seem airy and unsubstantial. This is particularly in evidence in *Christabel* and some stanzas of *The Ancient Mariner*. Can you find any examples of it in the present poem?

8. Write an appreciation of these stanzas, paying attention particularly to (a) The thought; (b) Style.

XLVI

(The following is an extract from a speech made in 1777 against the war with America, usually known in history as the American War of Independence.)

My Lords, this ruinous and ignominious situation, where we cannot act with success nor suffer with honour, calls upon us to remonstrate in the strongest and loudest language of truth, to rescue the ear of majesty from the delusions which surround it. The desperate state of our arms abroad is in part known. No man thinks more highly of them than I do. I love and honour the English troops. I know their virtues and their valour. I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities ; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, I venture to say it, *you cannot conquer America*. Your armies last war effected everything that could be effected, and what was it? It cost a numerous army under the command of a most able general, now a noble lord in this House, a long and laborious campaign to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America. My Lords, *you cannot conquer America*. What is our present situation there? We do not know the worst ; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. Besides the suffering, perhaps total loss, of the Northern force, the best appointed army that ever took the field, commanded by Sir William Howe, has retired from the American lines. He was *obliged* to relinquish his attempt, and, with great delay and danger, to

adopt a new and distant plan of operations. We shall soon know, and in any event have reason to lament, what may have happened since. As to conquest, therefore, my Lords, I repeat it is impossible. You may swell every expense and every effort still more extravagantly ; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow ; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign prince ; your efforts are for ever vain and impotent—doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely, for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies, to over-run them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never—never—never!

Your own army is infected with the contagion of these illiberal allies. The spirit of plunder and rapine has gone forth among them. I know it : and notwithstanding what the noble Earl who moved the address has given as his opinion of the American army, I know from authentic information, and the most experienced officers, that our discipline is deeply wounded. While this is notoriously our sinking situation, America grows and flourishes ; while our strength and discipline are lowered, hers are rising and improving.

But, my Lords, who is the man that, in addition to these disgraces and mischiefs of our army, has dared to authorise and associate to our arms the tomahawk and the scalping-knife of the savage? To call into civilised alliance the wild and inhuman savage of the woods—to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of this barbarous war against our brethren? My

Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. Unless thoroughly done away, it will be a stain on the national character. It is a violation of the Constitution. I believe it is against law. It is not the least of our national misfortunes that the strength and character of our army are thus impaired. Infected with the mercenary spirit of robbery and rapine, familiarised to the horrid scenes of savage cruelty, it can no longer boast of the noble and generous principles which dignify a soldier—no longer sympathise with the dignity of the royal banner, nor feel the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war, “that make ambition virtue!” What makes ambition virtue? The sense of honour. But is the sense of honour consistent with the spirit of plunder or the practice of murder? Can it flow from mercenary motives, or can it prompt to cruel deeds? Besides these murderers and plunderers, let me ask our ministers, What other allies have they acquired? What other powers have they associated to their cause? Have they entered into alliance with the king of the gipsies? Nothing, my Lords, is too low or too ludicrous to be consistent with their counsels.

WILLIAM PITT THE ELDER

QUESTIONS

1. What is meant by the following phrases? The best appointed army; this mercenary aid on which you rely; devoting themselves and their possessions; these *illiberal* allies; these enormities; it is against law.

2. Explain what is implied in the following statements, or to what the speaker was referring when he made them:

(a) . . . to rescue the ears of majesty from the delusions which surround it.

(b) . . . traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince, etc.

(c) notwithstanding what the noble Earl . . . has given as his opinion of the American army.

(d) . . . has dared to authorise and associate to our arms the tomahawk and the scalping-knife.

(e) the horrors of barbarous war against our brethren.

3. Why does Pitt so frequently emphasise, in the first paragraph, the fact that America cannot be conquered? Express the main point of this paragraph in one sentence of your own. Do the same for the other two paragraphs.

4. What are the two main reasons urged by Pitt against the use of mercenary troops?

5. Pick out from the passage two good examples of climax or peroration and show, if you can, the secret of their effectiveness.

6. From your answers to question (3) you will have realised that the subject-matter of the passage could be fairly adequately expressed in three simple statements; but these in themselves would not be likely to sway an assembly of politicians. The emotive and persuasive power of Pitt's speech, then, lies not in the actual subject matter, but rather in the style and language. Examine this aspect of it with special reference to (a) the use of repetition to enforce a point; (b) the appeal to sentiment and emotion; (c) the employment of suggestion and innuendo; (d) the use of highly "coloured" language for purposes of denunciation; (e) dogmatism; (f) the cumulative effect of indignation, rising to a climax.

7. You will notice that for the main part Pitt uses either simple sentences, or sentences where one main clause is balanced against another. What is the effect of this?

8. Précis this passage, giving it a suitable title.

XLVII

(a)

ONE day I wrote her name upon the strand ;
But came the waves and washèd it away :
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide and made my pains his prey.
“ Vain man,” said she, “ that dost in vain assay
A mortal thing so to immortalise ;
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wipèd out likewise.”
“ Not so,” quoth I ; “ let baser things devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame :
My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,
And in the heavens write your glorious name,—
Where, whenas death shall all the world subdue,
Our love shall live, and later life renew.”

SPENSER

(b)

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate :
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date ;

Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed ;
And every fair from fair sometimes declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed ;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;
 Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest ;

So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

SHAKESPEARE

QUESTIONS

1. What resemblances and what differences do you find between these two sonnets in respect of subject-matter ?

2. How would you describe the *mood* or *spirit* of the first poem, and what is its general effect upon the mind of a reader? Do you find the same characteristics in the second one?

3. Compare the structure and technique of Spenser's lines with those of Shakespeare's.

4. Using the material elicited by the foregoing questions, and adding anything else you consider relevant, write a short essay in comparative criticism of these sonnets.

XLVIII

It is indeed an opinion strangely prevailing among men, that houses, mountains, rivers, and in a word all sensible objects, have an existence, natural or real, distinct from their being perceived by the understanding. But with how great an assurance and acquiescence soever this principle may be entertained in the world, yet whoever shall find in his heart to call it in question may, if I mistake not, perceive it to involve a manifest contradiction. For what are the fore-mentioned objects but the things we perceive by sense? And is it not plainly repugnant that any one of these, or any combination of them, should exist unperceived?

If we thoroughly examine this tenet it will, perhaps, be found at bottom to depend on the doctrine of *abstract ideas*. For can there be a nicer strain of abstraction than to distinguish the *existence* of sensible objects from their *being perceived*, so as to conceive them existing unperceived? Light and colours, heat and cold, extension and figures—in a word the things we see and feel—what are they but so many sensations, notions, ideas, or impressions on the sense? And is it possible to separate, even in thought, any of these from perception? For my part I might as easily divide a thing from itself. I may, indeed, divide in my thoughts, or conceive apart from each other those things which, perhaps, I never perceived by sense so divided. Thus I imagine the trunk of a human body without the limbs, or conceive the smell of a rose without thinking on the rose itself. So far, I will not deny, I can abstract—if that may properly be called

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abstraction which extends only to the conceiving separately such objects as it is possible may really exist or be actually perceived asunder. But my conceiving or imagining power does not extend beyond the possibility of real existence or perception. Hence, as it is impossible for me to see or feel anything without an actual sensation of the thing, so it is impossible for me to conceive in my thoughts any sensible thing or object distinct from the sensation or perception of it. In truth, the object and sensation are the same thing, and cannot therefore be abstracted from each other.

Some truths there are so near and obvious to the mind that a man need only open his eyes to see them. Such I take this important one to be, viz. that all the choir of heaven and furniture of the earth, in a word all those bodies which compose the mighty frame of the world, have not any subsistence without a mind—that their *being* is *to be perceived or known*; that consequently so long as they are not actually perceived by me, or do not exist in my mind or that of any other created spirit, they must either have no existence at all, or else subsist in the mind of some Eternal Spirit—it being perfectly unintelligible, and involving all the absurdity of abstraction, to attribute to any single part of them an existence independent of a spirit. To be convinced of which, the reader need only reflect, and try to separate in his thoughts the *being* of a sensible thing from its *being perceived*.

From what has been said it is evident that there is not any other substance than spirit, or *that which perceives*.

QUESTIONS

1. Explain the meaning of the following words and phrases used in this passage: sensible objects; tenet; a nicer strain of abstraction; the furniture of the earth.

2. Pick out one sentence in this passage which sums up the main point that the author wishes to demonstrate.

3. What do you think Berkeley means us to understand by the term *perception*?

4. Assuming that the author's arguments are valid, they establish a definite relationship between Mind and Matter. What is this relationship?

5. In the third paragraph the writer declares that when objects are not perceived by any "created spirit" either they do not exist at all, or else they exist in the mind of "some Eternal Spirit". Explain what he means by this. What is the natural corollary to this position?

6. This is a passage of expository, or philosophical prose, and in this type of writing it is essential, above all, that the writer should make himself *clear*. Would you say that the present extract possessed this clarity, or not? If so, how is it produced; if not, to what do you consider the obscurity is due?

7. Give a summary, in one paragraph, of the main line of development of Berkeley's argument.

XLIX

ODE TO AUTUMN

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind,
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers ;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozy hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—

While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue ;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river salallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourne ;
 Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft
 The red-breast whistles from a garden croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the sky.

KEATS

QUESTIONS

1. Explain the following phrases :

(a) Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

(b) The winnowing wind.

(c) While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day.

2. Each stanza treats of Autumn from a different aspect. Distinguish them. Can you see any reason why they should be arranged in this particular order?

3. What is the general effect and atmosphere of the first stanza? Of the second? Of the third? In each case point out the chief means by which this effect and atmosphere is produced.

4. What is the value of the personification in stanza 2?

5. Pick out any words which you think are particularly well chosen. Justify your selection.

6. How far do (a) metre and rhythm, and (b) alliteration, help to produce the essential atmosphere and spirit of the poem?

7. Though it does not appear on the surface, if you study the poem carefully you will find that Keats appeals to all

five of the senses : to those of sight and sound directly, and to those of scent, taste and touch indirectly—by suggestion or association. Substantiate this by evidence from the poem.

8. Though the atmosphere of these verses is predominantly a pleasant one, they are not without a tinge of sadness. By what means is this suggested or introduced?

9. A recent critic, writing of this Ode, has said that it is “a bottle filled with the essence of autumn”. What is to be said for this description of it?

10. Write a paragraph of about 120 words on Keats’ style and artistry in this poem.

L

REMEMBER now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them ; while the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain : in the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened. And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low : also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail : because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets : or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it. Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity.

And moreover, because the preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge ; yea, he gave good heed, and sought out, and set in order many proverbs. The preacher sought to find out acceptable words, and that which was written was upright, even words of truth. The words of the wise are as goads, and as the nails fastened by masters of

assemblies, which are given from one shepherd. And further, by these, my son, be admonished : of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.

BOOK OF ECCLESIASTES

QUESTIONS

1. Express in your own words, as clearly and concisely as possible, the thought of this passage.
2. What does the author mean by "vanity" in this context?
3. How would you describe the philosophy put forward in this passage?
4. Read the passage, and especially the first paragraph, aloud. What particular quality of the prose emerges?
5. Notice the manner in which a series of concrete figures and illustrations are employed to convey an abstract conception. What is the effect of this ?
6. Which do you consider the most beautiful part of the extract? What qualities in it especially appeal to you?
7. Write a short essay in appraisal of the passage as an example of English prose.

LI

(The following is an extract from John Dryden's satirical poem *Absalom and Achitophel*. In the lines immediately preceding this passage the author has described Achitophel's minions ; now he goes on to depict the chief of them, Zimri, meant to represent the Duke of Buckingham. Achitophel himself is the Earl of Shaftesbury.)

SUCH were the tools ; but a whole Hydra more
Remains of sprouting heads too long a score.
Some of their chiefs were princes of the land ;
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand ;
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome :
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long ;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon ;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish or to enjoy !
Railing and praising were his usual themes ;
And both, to show his judgement, in extremes :
So over violent or over civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.

Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late,
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.
 He laughed himself from court ; then sought relief
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief :
 For spite of him, the weight of business fell
 On Absalom and wise Achitophel ;
 Thus, wickèd but in will, of means bereft,
 He left no faction, but of that was left.

DRYDEN

QUESTIONS

1. How would you characterise Dryden's satire from the point of view of
 - (a) Type (*i.e.* social, personal, political, etc.)?
 - (b) Tone or mood?
2. Make a list of Zimri's characteristics as noted by Dryden.
3. Pick out examples of the poet's use of antithesis to give effect to his points. Do you think he gains anything by employing this device?
4. Examine Dryden's method of character portrayal as exemplified in this extract.
5. Compare or contrast the use of the heroic couplet measure in this poem with that in any other poem you know.
6. Does Dryden appeal to you as a satirist, or not? Justify your position by reference to this passage as a typical example of his work.
7. Write an appreciation (or criticism) of the above piece. If possible compare it with any other satirical poem that you have read.

LII

(The following is an extract from an essay on *Tradition and the Individual Talent*. The author protests against some of the facile assumptions on which we too often base our judgement of works of literature, and suggests that it might be salutary if we sometimes paused to criticise our methods of criticism.)

ONE of the facts that might come to light in this process is our tendency to insist, when we praise a poet, upon those aspects of his work in which he least resembles anyone else. In these aspects or parts of his work we pretend to find what is individual, what is the peculiar essence of the man. We dwell with satisfaction upon the poet's difference from his predecessors, especially his immediate predecessors; we endeavour to find something that can be isolated in order to be enjoyed. Whereas if we approach a poet without this prejudice we shall often find that not only the best, but the most individual parts of his work may be those in which the dead poets, his ancestors, assert their immortality most vigorously. And I do not mean the impressionable period of adolescence, but the period of full maturity.

Yet if the only form of tradition, of handing down, consisted of following the ways of the immediate generation before us in a blind or timid adherence to its successes, "tradition" should positively be discouraged. We have seen many such simple currents soon lost in the sand; and novelty is better than repetition. Tradition is a matter of much

wider significance. It cannot be inherited, and if you want it you must obtain it by great labour. It involves, in the first place, the historical sense, which we may call nearly indispensable to anyone who would continue to be a poet beyond his twenty-fifth year; and the historical sense involves a perception, not only of the pastness of the past, but of its presence; the historical sense compels a man to write not merely with his own generation in his bones, but with a feeling that the whole of the literature of Europe from Homer and within it the whole of the literature of his own country has a simultaneous existence and composes a simultaneous order. This historical sense, which is a sense of the timeless as well as of the temporal and of the timeless and of the temporal together, is what makes a writer traditional. And it is at the same time what makes a writer most acutely conscious of his place in time, of his own contemporaneity.

T. S. ELIOT

QUESTIONS

1. In the first paragraph the author makes two main statements. Express each in a short sentence of your own.
2. "The historical sense involves not only a perception of the pastness of the past, but of its presence." Explain what Eliot means by this.
3. "The most individual parts of his work may be those in which the dead poets, his ancestors, assert their immortality most vigorously." On the surface this seems a paradox. What is its meaning?
4. The second paragraph is concerned with tradition. Explain as clearly and concisely as you can what the writer

understands by this term. How does it differ from convention?

5. Elucidate the last two sentences, so as to show that they do not actually contradict each other, as appears at first sight.

6. What special and individual characteristics of Eliot's style in this passage have struck you?

7. Suppose you did not know the author and the date of the piece, is there anything which would suggest that it was fairly recent?

8. Write a summary of the passage in about 100 words.

LIII

THE LITTLE GREEN ORCHARD

SOME one is always sitting there,
In the little green orchard
Even when the sun is high,
In noon's unclouded sky,
And faintly droning goes
The bee from rose to rose,
Some one in shadow is sitting there,
In the little green orchard.

Yes, and when twilight's falling softly
On the little green orchard ;
When the grey dew distils
And every flower-cup fills ;
When the last blackbird says,
" What—what! " and goes her way—ssh!
I have heard voices calling softly
In the little green orchard.

Not that I am afraid of being there,
In the little green orchard :
Why, when the moon's been bright,
Shedding her lonesome light,
And moths like ghosties come,
And the horned snail leaves home :
I've sat there, whispering and listening there,
In the little green orchard.

Only it's strange to be feeling there,
 In the little green orchard ;
 Whether you paint or draw,
 Dig, hammer, chop or saw ;
 When you are most alone,
 All but the silence gone . . .
 Some one is waiting and watching there,
 In the little green orchard.

WALTER DE LA MARE

QUESTIONS

1. What is the impression left on the mind by this poem ? Do you know of any other poem by this author in which the effect is much the same?
2. By what means is this impression produced?
3. Is it possible to find one word in each stanza which embodies the atmosphere or "idea" of that particular section of the poem. Take each stanza in turn, pick out the word in question, and then show how the theme which this suggests is worked out in the rest of the stanza.
4. What is the effect of the constant repetition of the phrase.

In the little green orchard ?

5. Do you think you could legitimately call this a poem of the supernatural? If so, select some other poem of the supernatural (but by a different author) and show what characteristics the two have in common, and where they differ.

6. What comments have you to offer on the poet's diction and his employment of rhythmic effects, suggestive phraseology, onomatopoeia, etc.?

7. If possible, read some more of Walter de la Mare's poetry. What characteristic does this piece share in common with a great deal more of his work?

8. Write an appreciation of this poem.

LIV

HAZEL sang with passion. The wail of the lost was in her voice. She had not the slightest idea what the words meant (probably they meant nothing), but the sad cadence suited her emotional tone, and the ideas of loss and exile¹ expressed her vague mistrust of the world. Edward imagined her in her blue-green dress and violet crown playing on a large glass harp in a company of angels.

"Poor child!" he thought. "Is it mystical longing or a sense of sin that cries in her voice?"

It was neither of those things; it was nothing that Edward could have understood at that time, though later he did. It was the grief of rainy forests and the moan of stormy waters; the muffled complaint of driven leaves; the keening—wild and universal—of life for the perishing matter that it inhabits.

Hazel expressed things that she knew nothing of, as a blackbird does. For, though she was young and fresh, she had her origin in the old, dark heart of earth, full of innumerable agonies, and in that heart she dwelt, and ever would, singing from its gloom as a bird sings in a yew-tree. Her being was more full of echoes than the hearts of those that live further from the soil: and we are all as full of echoes as a rocky wood—echoes of the past, reflex echoes of the future, and echoes of the soil (these last reverberating through our filmiest dreams, like the sound of thunder in a blossoming orchard). The echoes are in us of great voices

¹ A reference to the theme of the hymn which Hazel has just sung.

long gone hence, the unknown cries of huge beasts on the mountains; the sullen aims of creatures in the slime; the love-call of the bittern. We know, too, echoes of things outside our ken—the thought that shapes itself in the bee's brain and becomes a waxen box of sweets; the tyranny of youth stirring in the womb; the crazy terror of small, slaughtered beasts; the upward push of folded grass, and how the leaf feels in all its veins the cold rain; the ceremonial that passes yearly in the emerald temples of bud and calyx—we have walked those temples; we are the sacrifice on those altars. And the future floats on the current of our blood like a secret argosy. We hear the ideals of our descendants, like songs in the night, long before our firstborn is forgotten. We, in whom the pollen and the dust, sprouting grain and falling berry, the dark past and the dark future, cry and call—we ask, Who is this Singer that sends his voice through the dark forest, and inhabits us with ageless and immortal music, and sets the long echoes rolling for evermore?

MARY WEBB

QUESTIONS

1. Hazel, we are told, "had her origin in the old, dark heart of earth". Explain what is meant by this statement.
2. In the light of your explanation, elucidate the sentence, "It was the grief of rainy forests . . . for the perishing matter that it inhabits."
3. What other characteristics of Hazel are brought out or suggested in this passage?
4. Express as concisely as you can, in your own words, the view of human life that the author puts forward in the

last paragraph. What impression does the paragraph leave upon you?

5. Study this paragraph carefully. At a certain point there is a change of tone. Where? How does the tone of the section preceding this point differ from that of the section which follows?

6. "We are the sacrifice on those altars." In this one sentence is summed up the philosophy underlying Mary Webb's view of humanity and nature. How would you characterise that philosophy? In the light of your answer to this question show the relevance of the sentence quoted to the rest of the paragraph.

7. In this passage the author makes us feel the mystery, the depth and the relentlessness of life. To what extent is this effect attributable to her style?

8. Examine the similes in the passage. What would you say is their most striking quality?

9. To what kind of story do you suppose that this extract would form a background? Give reasons for your opinion.

10. It has been said that Mary Webb's prose is impregnated with poetry. Discuss this statement with reference to the passage given above.

LV
LIEDHOLZ

WHEN I captured Liedholz
I had a blackened face
Like a nigger's,
And my teeth like white mosaics shone.

We met in the night at half-past one,
Between the lines.
Liedholz shot at me
And I at him ;
And in the ensuing tumult he surrendered to me.

Before we reached our wire
He told me he had a wife and three children.
In the dug-out we gave him a whisky.
Going to the Brigade with my prisoner at dawn,
The early sun made the land delightful,
And larks rose singing from the plain.

In broken French we discussed
Beethoven, Nietzsche and the International.

He was a professor
Living at Spandau ;
And not too intelligible.

But my black face and nigger's teeth
Amused him.

HERBERT READ

QUESTIONS

1. What is your reaction to this poem on reading it for the first time?

2. At first sight the details on which the poet dwells seem trivial, disconnected and irrelevant; yet actually they are not. Demonstrate their relevance, etc., by explaining what you conceive to have been the author's real object in writing the poem.

3. Both at the beginning and at the end of the piece the writer draws attention to his "black face and nigger's teeth". Do you think there is any special point in this?

4. This is one of a series of war poems written by Herbert Read, yet it contains no direct expression of opinion on the subject of war. Can you find an implied opinion or point of view?

5. What observations have you to offer on the technique of the piece?

6. Some readers, and even some critics, might urge that typical though this work is of a certain school of modern verse, it is not really poetry. What is your own opinion? Give reason for the view you express.

7. Elsewhere Herbert Read has said that in writing poetry on the subject of war his "only wish was to present the universal aspects of a particular event". What do you think he meant by this, and how far has he succeeded in doing it in the present poem?

LVI

Not on the vulgar mass
 Called "work", must sentence pass,
 Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
 O'er which, from level stand,
 The low world laid its hand,
 Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice.

But all the world's coarse thumb
 And finger failed to plumb,
 So passed in making up the main account;
 All instincts immature,
 All purposes unsure,
 That weighed not as the work, yet swelled the man's
 amount.

Thoughts hardly to be packed
 Into a narrow act,
 Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
 All I could never be,
 All men ignored in me,
 This I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

Ay, note that potter's wheel,
 That metaphor! and feel
 Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay—
 Thou, to whom fools propound,
 When the wine makes its round,
 "Since life fleets, all is change; the past gone, seize today!"

Fool! All that is, at all,
 Lasts ever, past recall;
 Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure :
 What entered into me,
That was, is, and shall be :
 Time's wheel runs back or stops : Potter and clay endure.

He fixed thee mid this dance
 Of plastic circumstance,
 This present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest :
 Machinery just meant
 To give thy soul its bent,
 Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

What though the earlier grooves
 Which ran the laughing loves
 Around thy base, no longer pause and press?
 What though, about thy rim,
 Scull-things in order grim
 Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress?

Look not thou down but up!
 To uses of a cup,
 The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
 The new wine's foaming flow,
 The Master's lips aglow!
 Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what need'st thou with
 earth's wheel?

But I need, now as then,
 Thee, God, who moulded men ;
 And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
 Did I,—to the wheel of life
 With shapes and colours rife,
 Bound dizzily,—mistake my end, to slake Thy thirst :

So take and use Thy work ;
 Amend what flaws may lurk,
 What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim !
 My times be in Thy hand !
 Perfect the cup as planned !
 Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same !

BROWNING

QUESTIONS

1. Explain the following phrases used in the passage : things . . . that took the eye and had the price ; from level stand ; this dance of plastic circumstance ; heaven's consummate cup ; warpings past the aim.

2. The passage falls into three sections. Distinguish them, and give each a suitable title.

3. State in a single, carefully-worded sentence the main point propounded in these verses.

4. Explain as fully as possible how the metaphor of the Potter's wheel is applied to the view of life advanced by Browning. Do you think that the analogy is a true one?

5. Take each stanza in turn and express the purport of it in your own words.

6. Would it be correct to say that Browning advances a *phy* in these verses, or would you use another term?

7. What observation have you to offer on the stanza-form employed by Browning?

8. Write an appreciation (or criticism) of this extract, giving attention to (a) subject-matter, (b) style.

LVII

EPITAPH ON AN ARMY OF MERCENARIES¹

THESE, in the day when heaven was falling,
The hour when earth's foundations fled,
Followed their mercenary calling.
And took their wages, and are dead.

Their shoulders held the sky suspended;
They stood, and earth's foundations stay;
What God abandoned, these defended,
And saved the sum of things for pay.

A. E. HOUSMAN

QUESTIONS

1. What adjectives could you apply to the style of this poem?

2. Take each line separately and consider it a while. What strikes you about (a) the diction, (b) the thought?

3. Can you find any traces in the piece of (a) irony, (b) fatalism?

4. Some critics have declared that in most of his poetry A. E. Housman sacrifices feeling to austerity of expression. Would you say that this is so in the present case?

¹ Written on the anniversary of the first battle of Ypres, and partly called forth by a newspaper description of the British battalions in that battle as "an army of mercenaries".

5. What is the chief fact about these mercenaries that the poet wishes to bring home to his readers? By what means does he achieve his object?

6. Compare this poem with the sonnet by Rupert Brooke on page 4. What differences do you notice between the two? Do you know of any circumstances, apart from inherent temperament, that might explain this difference?

APPENDIX

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* Those works marked with an asterisk will be found especially suitable for the beginner.

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